

MACLEAN'S

JULY 15 1952 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

DR. ENDICOTT

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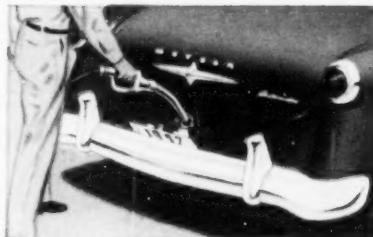
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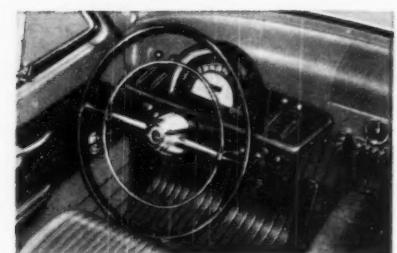
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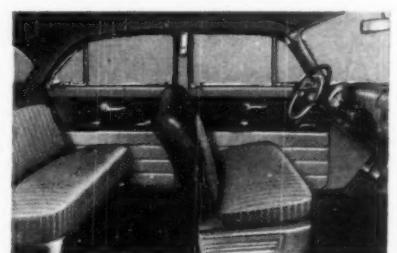


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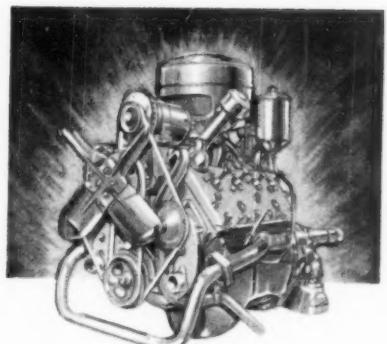
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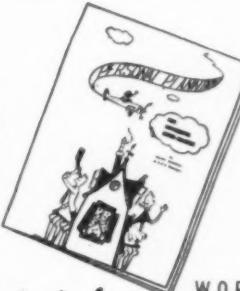
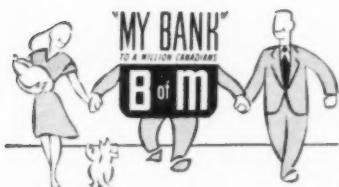
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The Maclean's FICTION CONTEST for Canadian Writers

ONCE again Maclean's invites submissions to its latest and biggest short-story contest for Canadians who write or would like to write. For the information and convenience of entrants the rules are repeated on this page together with the official entry form which must accompany all stories. The winning entries in the contest, which closes Sept. 2, will receive the highest rates of payment ever offered by a Canadian publisher:

First Prize \$1500

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All but two of the contest rules appearing below are self-explanatory. The reason for not returning unsuccessful manuscripts to their authors is to economize on administrative and clerical expenses and pass on the saving to the successful writers in the form of the highest fees possible. (Participants are free, of course, to retain copies of their manuscripts and submit them elsewhere if they do not qualify for publication here.) The reason for asking that each

contestant place his real name only on the sealed entry form and use only a pseudonym on the manuscript is that we want to remove all traces of the psychological barrier which sometimes discourages unknown writers from matching their work against the work of known writers. We hope many of Canada's professional writers will rise to this challenge and we hope its semi-professional and amateur writers will rise to it too.

The Rules

1. The contest is open to all Canadians living in Canada except employees of the Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited and their families, and will close at 5 p.m. EST on Tuesday, Sept. 2, 1952.
2. The stories must be original fiction, written by the contestant and not previously published.
3. Stories should not be more than six thousand words, and may be on any subject, not necessarily Canadian. Manuscripts must be typewritten in double space on one side of the paper, and should be mailed flat to:

Maclean's Fiction Contest,
Maclean's Magazine,
181 University Avenue,
Toronto, Ontario.

4. Each manuscript should carry the contestant's pen name—but not his real name—on the title page. The entry form, filled out, should be placed in a sealed envelope

and attached firmly to the manuscripts. Contestants may enter any number of stories as long as an entry form accompanies each submission.

5. The prize money will be in payment for first world serial rights. The same rights may be bought, at our regular rates, for outstanding stories other than prize-winning entries.

6. The editors of Maclean's Magazine will act as judges.

7. Contestants are warned that no manuscripts can be returned, so please do not enclose return postage. Contestants who may wish to submit their contest stories to other publications in the event that they do not win a prize in this Maclean's contest are advised to keep duplicate copies.

8. Correspondence and further inquiries should be sent to the address given in paragraph 3.

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

I have read and accept the rules as they appear in the July 15 issue of Maclean's Magazine and wish to enter my story (title in block letters)

in the contest which closes at 5 p.m. EST on Tuesday, Sept. 2, 1952. This fiction story is my own work and has not been previously published. It does not knowingly depict any real person, living or dead.

MY CONTEST PEN NAME (block letters)

MY REAL NAME

ADDRESS

SIGNATURE

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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CONTENTS

Vol. 65 JULY 15, 1952 No. 14

Cover: Painted by Franklin Arbuckle

Articles

HOW DR. ENDICOTT FRONTS FOR THE REDS. Blair Fraser	7
WHEN CULTURE CAME IN TENTS. A Maclean's Flashback. Monica Mugan	10
HE CHANGED THE TORONTO SUNDAY. Eric Hutton	12
THE CHATEAU ON THE ROCK. McKenzie Porter.	14
THEY WANT THE UNWANTED. Sidney Katz....	16
REVOLUTION IN LOTUSLAND. Stuart Keate...	20
SOCRATES WAS ONCE A COP. Dorothy Sangster	22
TEN PERCENT OF WHAT? William Frederick Miksch.....	28
OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS. Paul Steiner	57

Fiction

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD. Fred E. Ross..	18
--	----

Departments

LONDON LETTER. Beverley Baxter	4
BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA. Blair Fraser	5
MACLEAN'S MOVIES. Conducted by Clyde Gilmour	26
WIT AND WISDOM	41
MACLEAN'S HIDE-AND-SEEK No. 11	53
MAILBAG	62
PARADE	64

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By—Miller (page 4), Star (7, 13), Peter Croydon (9), Desmond Russell (12, 13), Frances Shelley Wees (10), Dr. W. R. Wees (11), Ken Bell & Peter Croydon (14, 15), CPR (15), David Bier (16, 17), Bill Halkett (20, 21), B. C. Travel Bureau (20, 21), John Steele (22), H. W. Tellow (23), Gilbert A. Milne (23).

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MONTREAL, JULY 15, 1952

SCIENCE REPORT

Key to Better Health

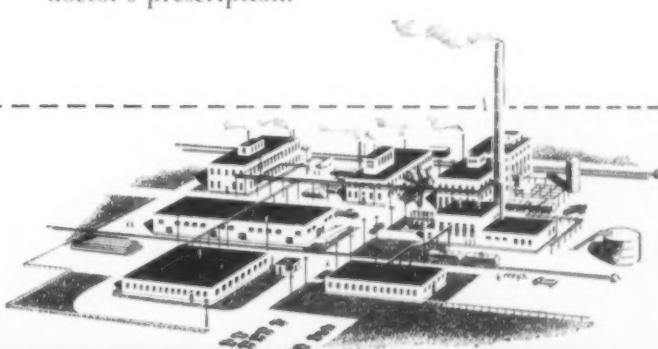
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London Letter

BY Beverley Baxter



A CRITIC'S LAST CURTAIN

IT WAS not an easy decision to take. For ten years I had been the dramatic critic of the London Evening Standard, writing a weekly column which appeared on Fridays—and then came the moment when I had to say to my old friend Lord Beaverbrook: "The curtain must come down." For once the critic could speak the same words as Hamlet and say that the rest was silence.

A questing mind might wonder (a) How an MP could be a dramatic critic; and (b) having become one why give it up?

The answer to the first part of that question is that in Britain we have not yet accepted the idea of the professional politician, unless of course he becomes a minister. The idea is that an ordinary private member carries on his profession or occupation in his spare time as best he can, concentrating on those subjects of debate in which he has special knowledge or interest.

The tradition of the writer-politician has been long established in parliament here. Sheridan wrote plays and even managed the Covent Garden Theatre at the same time as he was under-secretary for foreign affairs. Gibbon wrote much of Decline and Fall in the House of Commons library. Disraeli did a certain amount of writing there but his real heart was in politics. John Buchan loved to work in the library where from the window you can see the ancient Thames and hear the peremptory hooting of tugs as they approach Westminster Bridge. I have summoned these great men from the mists merely to illustrate my argument.

Admittedly it was awkward for me on occasion to attend a first night when a big debate was taking place but, by altering dates and various other devices, it worked well enough until the Conservatives won last year's election. Sustained by only a small majority and with an immense amount of contentious legislation the House of Commons has become a concentration camp for the Government's supporters. From early afternoon, and sometimes to daylight, we trudge through the lobbies voting, voting, voting. When we show some lack of enthusiasm as the division bells go for the tenth time the Chief Whip looks at us as Frederick the Great looked at his Grenadiers who were reluctantly preparing to make yet another charge against the enemy and shouted: "You dogs! Do you want to live forever?"

The lobby has ruled out the foyer for me. Every night is a first night at Westminster and there is no trouble about sitting it out until the end of the performance. No trouble at all.

At first I experienced a sense of relief at leaving the theatrical world. A critic has to see plays which no man in his senses would sit through, and to fill his column the critic must sometimes force himself to show an interest in a subject which he does not feel. Yes, there is a certain relief at being out of it.

Yet one has only to set down those words to wonder if the feeling will persist. For ten years Sir Laurence Olivier has solemnly requested the honor of my presence at the first presentation of this or that; Rodgers and Hammerstein were equally solicitous about the premieres of Oklahoma!, Carousel and South Pacific; John Gielgud was no less desirous that I should be present at the birth of his newest triumph.

The cynic might observe at this point that they were equally solicitous about the presence of the critics from The Times, Telegraph Observer, Express, Mail and so on. That is true. Sweet are the uses of advertisement and it was for us to tell London the good (or bad) tidings about their offerings.

Like horses the critics are supposed to go better in company, so each senior critic is sent two seats on the aisle—by senior critics I merely mean those writing for the principal newspapers. A critic from a quarterly review or a highbrow weekly would get only one ticket and not necessarily on the aisle.

Inevitably a London first-night audience becomes something of a repertory company in itself. The critics *Continued on page 40*

Safety Tips for Vacation Trips

NOW THAT VACATION TIME has come, many motorists will follow the natural urge to take to the open road. Whether they go on a vacation or week-end trip, or just for a drive in the country, they will find motoring most pleasant when it is safest.

According to government data, motor vehicle accidents accounted for 43 percent of all deaths from accidental causes, and injured fifty thousand people in Canada in one year. Safety authorities say that a good way to make your summer trips more pleasant as well as safer is to follow such motoring precautions as these:

1. Always drive at a safe and sane speed. Reports of traffic authorities show that in 2 out of every 5 fatal accidents, a speed violation was involved. That is why it is so important to drive at a speed which gives you complete control of your car at all times.

2. Follow other cars at a safe distance. According to the Canadian Automobile Association, even when going only 30 miles per hour, under normal conditions, it would take you about 80 feet to come to a complete stop. This emphasizes the need of allowing ample stopping room between your car and the car ahead. A safe margin is one car length for every 10 miles of speed. Of course, this distance should be increased at night, and when driving on slippery roads or in bad weather.

3. Keep constantly alert to other cars on the road. This may help you avoid an

accident, even if their drivers do something wrong. For example, by watching traffic coming from both left and right when nearing an intersection, you may be able to anticipate and avert possible danger. For the same reason, it is wise to pay attention to traffic coming toward you at all times, and especially on hills and curves.

4. Be prepared for driving emergencies. Should a tire blow out, keep a firm grip on the wheel with both hands and let the car slow down before applying the brakes. This will help prevent dangerous swerving. When stopping on a slippery surface, apply your brakes lightly, then release and apply again to help avoid skidding.

5. Have your car's condition checked regularly. Traffic reports show that vehicle defects are contributing causes in about 1 out of every 9 fatal accidents. Defective brakes, lights, tires and steering mechanisms are most frequently at fault. Every part of your car should be periodically checked to make sure it is in safe operating condition. Such inspection is especially important before taking a trip.

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BLAIR



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Quebec Grits Learn to Like It

SIX MONTHS ago the Liberals were talking very bravely about Quebec. Few went so far as to predict an actual victory over Premier Duplessis and his Union Nationale this summer, but they had the liveliest hope of coming back with a really powerful Opposition group which could force and win another election before too long.

But as election day (July 16) approaches, Liberal bravado diminishes. The hopes of last December have not vanished, but neither have they flowered. Duplessis is turning out to be even more deeply entrenched than Grits had feared.

Gaspé North, for example, is the only riding in all Quebec which the Liberals captured from the Union Nationale in 1948. The other seven seats they won had been Liberal for years. Federal Liberals therefore took it for granted that Gaspé North would be a walkover this time. To their consternation, they found that one of their most stalwart supporters in federal politics, a man on whom they were relying for campaign contributions, was running there as Union Nationale candidate.

Grits think they can hold this seat anyway, but the situation there is all too typical. Too many Quebecers who are Liberal federally have made peace with Duplessis in provincial affairs.

"You hear a lot of these fat boys in the Reform Club, running down Georges Emile Lapalme (Liberal leader in Quebec)," a disgruntled Grit remarked. "They are the same people who used to criticize Adelard Godbout (former Quebec leader). The fact is, these characters don't want any Liberal leader to succeed in

Quebec. They've made their own deal with Duplessis and they're quite content."

At the same time, in spite of the hard fight that lies ahead of a Liberal candidate, too many aspirants for that honor have appeared. In at least half a dozen ridings the Liberal organization is riven by factional fights, and in some these rivals have so blackened and belabored each other that now neither has much chance of beating the Union Nationale incumbent.

In still other counties there has not been rivalry enough. Several places where Liberals had real hopes of winning have held conventions and, to Ottawa's horror, have picked a dreary selection of dead beats and ward heelers who couldn't be elected dogcatcher.

Aside from wringing their hands, though, Ottawa Liberals are unready to do much to correct this situation.

Provincial organizers had hoped to recruit two bright young MPs, Gerard Cournoyer of Richelieu-Véchères and Roch Pinard of Chambly-Rouville, as candidates for the Quebec legislature. They were not very enthusiastic but they would have obeyed orders.

Early in June Cournoyer went to Prime Minister St. Laurent for advice. Would the prime minister object to his resigning his federal seat and thus bringing on another by-election?

St. Laurent didn't object—not exactly. Cournoyer could do as he liked. However, if the resultant by-election brought another Liberal defeat, St. Laurent wouldn't think much of Cournoyer's political judgment.

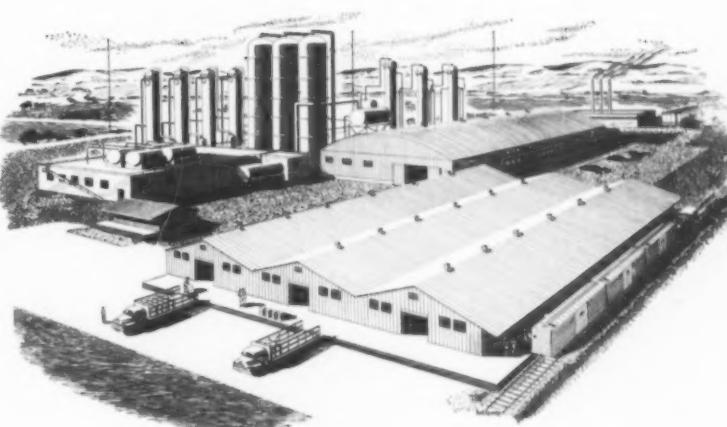
Continued on page 52



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Dr. Endicott, the only Westerner to come forward as an "eyewitness" to the alleged germ warfare in China, repeated his charges in Toronto this spring.

By **BLAIR FRASER**
MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

How Dr. Endicott Fronts for the Reds

**Meet this former missionary, probably the only
Westerner who can move Chinese to tears in their
own language, who also enrages many Canadians
with activities that make him one of international
Communism's greatest assets in the world today**

AMES GARETH ENDICOTT is a stocky, vigorous, affable, persuasive man who looks shorter than his five feet ten and a half, lighter than his two hundred pounds and a full decade younger than his fifty-four years. His appearance is also deceptive in more important respects.

Until 1946 Endicott spent his whole adult life battling for God and his country. He volunteered for World War I on his eighteenth birthday. He volunteered for mission work in China, like his father before him, while he was still in Victoria College, Toronto. He worked in China as a Christian minister for twenty-one years.

Since 1946, when he resigned from the United Church, Endicott has been a favorite instrument and spokesman for that sworn enemy of both God and his country, the Communist Party.

Endicott says he is not himself a Communist and no one has disproved his statement, but it doesn't matter much. Communism's frontal attack has failed in Canada. The Labor Progressive Party (as the Communist Party has called itself here since it was outlawed during the war) has no more than ten or twelve thousand members. Its real strength lies in a formidable cordon of fellow-traveling "front" organizations which labor, not without success, to blur the issues between the free world



"I saw with my own eyes," said Endicott on his return from Red China where this photo was taken.



The former missionary posed for Communist photographers beside what they said was a germ bomb.

Endicott and his wife took tea with Mme. Sun Yat-sen at her Shanghai home last March.



and the slave world of Communism, and above all to weaken the mutual confidence and friendship of the Western allies.

Of these "front" groups the most prominent and probably the most effective, today, is the Canadian Peace Congress, of which Endicott is national chairman and full-time employee. On its behalf he has made two tours in Soviet Russia and one in Red China. Since returning from the visit to China he has been under the scrutiny of the Department of External Affairs, which may still take up his Canadian passport as a result of reports received regarding statements about the germ warfare charges made on the Peking radio.

He has appeared as a Canadian delegate before the Supreme Soviet in Moscow, which ratified a "peace petition" he bore. To that ban-the-bomb petition and to the so-called Stockholm Peace Appeal which came a little later, the Communist Party of Canada claims to have got half a million signatures. The effect of both petitions would have been to remove the free world's principal military resource against the armed strength of the Soviet bloc.

Endicott's usefulness to the Communist cause reached a peak this spring, during and after his tour of China. For the moment, at least, he is one of Communism's major assets in the whole world.

Since February, Communist propaganda both inside and outside Russia has been focused on the charge that "American militarists" are waging germ warfare in Korea and North China. Students of Soviet propaganda cannot recall any, among numerous campaigns of falsehood and distortion, which has been waged so intensively and so long. In this campaign James Endicott plays an important role; he is the only Westerner offering himself as an "eyewitness."

"I saw with my own eyes, I heard witnesses with my own ears," he told a rally in Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens last May 11. ". . . I declare that germ warfare has been tried out on a large scale against the women and children of China."

In conversation Endicott readily admits that he is not, strictly speaking, an eyewitness at all. His report is based on what he was told by two distinguished Chinese doctors with whom, he says, he "had an hour's conference and cross-questioned them carefully." What he "saw with his own eyes" were merely bugs in a Chinese field and slides in a Chinese laboratory.

"I myself wouldn't know one insect or one germ from another," he said in an interview last month. "I admit my whole case rests upon the integrity of those Chinese scientists."

He thought they deserved credence pending an "impartial" enquiry. Communist China has already refused an investigation by the International Red Cross; I asked Endicott whom he would call "impartial."

"One test," he said, "would be whether a man would lose his job if he did find evidence of American germ warfare."

But wouldn't a Chinese scientist lose his job if he didn't find such evidence? Endicott said no, he didn't think so.

This selective credulity is typical. Endicott and his wife will tell you, with perfectly straight faces, that their Canadian Peace Congress grew out of "spontaneous" movements in several Canadian cities after the visit of "Red Dean" Hewlett Johnson in November 1948. That is indeed what the Communist Party would like people to believe.

It was quite carefully explained, when the "peace movement" was announced in the Cominform's official paper in Bucharest in late 1947, that the movement should be as "spontaneous" as possible — under the leadership, of course, of the Communist Party. In Canada A. A. MacLeod, former Communist member in the Ontario Legislature and member of the Communist national executive, toured the West in August 1948 to brief local Communist leaders on the Canadian "peace" movement. MacLeod told them it would aim at a wide cross section of Canadian opinion with special attention to the churches. He ordered strong efforts to induce the United Nations Association, Student Christian Movement and similar groups

to sponsor the Red Dean's "peace" rallies. The attempt was obediently made, but it wasn't very successful.

MacLeod said "spontaneous" peace committees were to be formed in each city after the Dean's visit. The Toronto group would then call a national "Peace Congress," and he mentioned James G. Endicott as the probable chairman of the national body. There is no way of telling whether Endicott knew he had been chosen for this role by the Communist Party, but his acceptance was taken for granted.

Since then his fidelity to the Communist line has shaken, but even yet has not destroyed, the confidence and friendship he earned in the United Church of Canada during his years as a missionary. Endicott today calls himself "a Christian rebel," and many former colleagues in the ministry still believe him. Others think he is, if not a Communist Party member, at least a conscious and willing Communist agent whose speaking, writing and traveling are financed and directed by the Communist Party. And regardless which opinion they hold, many are puzzled by Endicott.

He doesn't look like a Communist agent. He has the same quick smile and clear candid eye, the same firm handshake and the rather determined cheeriness which were the badges of his vocation in the ministry. I have met Endicott only the once, but I should think he's looked the same for twenty years—his brown hair has still no touch of grey, his square genial face is unlined.

He's a great lover of birds and animals. At one time he had twenty birds living in open cages among the bamboos around his front porch in Cheng-tu, West China. He used to collect butterflies and moths, too; one specimen in the Smithsonian Institute collection, unknown until Endicott captured it, is named *gomphus Endicotti*. Audubon prints adorn the living room of the solid comfortable old-fashioned house in a tree-shaded street in northwestern Toronto where he lives with his wife, his son Norman and daughter-in-law Kathy, and a pretty five-year-old granddaughter.

Everything in his environment befits a man who spent twenty-odd years in the service of Christ. None of it explains why this same man should now be lending his talents and his influence to the Antichrist.

In April 1950 after Endicott had visited Moscow, there appeared in the youth magazine Komsomol Pravda an article entitled The Library of James Endicott. One passage translates as follows:

In Canada there was unexpected news for him. The son of Endicott, eighteen-year-old Norman who worked as a mechanic in the RCAF, had become a member of the Canadian Progressive Party. A Communist in his family! This news could not find a place in the mind of the minister.

When in 1944 Endicott again left for China Norman came to see him off. The parting was very cold; Norman came and was silent. The moment of parting came. Norman handed a small book to his father and said: "I beg of you only one thing, read this."

"All right," mumbled James Endicott, and put the book in his bag without looking at the title. It was the Communist Manifesto. Forty days did Endicott travel in a ship and forty days he mused upon what was plainly said in this Marxist book, the first he had ever read.

"This was a turning point in my mind," he said. And the China which was now disclosed to Endicott was not the same China so well known from his childhood.

Endicott describes this as "a rather fanciful account" of an episode that really happened. His relations with his son Norman were rather strained when Norman became a Communist. All three of Endicott's children are members now, and his younger son Steve was a Communist candidate in the British Columbia election last month. Norman reproached his father for condemning Communism unheard, and Endicott bought the Communist Manifesto and a book by Emil Burns called What Is Marxism? He took them with him on the long voyage across the Pacific.

"I did say it was a turning point in my mind," he says. "I had assumed that no Christian could have any common ground with a Communist. I now saw there was a great deal of reasonable argument for the Marxist position."

But like most people Endicott has had many turning points. It is easy to portray his present activity as a rude contradiction of all he once stood for, but it is also possible to portray it as the natural outcome of a lifelong development.

When he was born in Kiating, Szechwan Province, in 1898, his parents had already been five years in the mission field of West China. The boy was hardly aware of it, for missionaries' children led sheltered lives, but the China in which he grew up was already seething with revolt.

He was two when the Boxer Rebellion threatened the life of every foreigner in the Manchu Empire. He was five or six when his father had to go upriver in a British gunboat to help, as an interpreter, in the rescue of Chinese Roman Catholics who were being mobbed and murdered in anti-foreigner riots. The family came home on furlough when James was twelve, and the outbreak of Sun Yat-sen's revolution prevented their return. James did not see China again until 1925 when he went out as a missionary himself.

His years in the army confirmed a half-formed decision to follow his father into the ministry. Endicott is probably the only soldier who ever served a term in the guardhouse for reading, after lights out, such a book as T. R. Glover's *The Jesus of History*. On his return he enrolled at Victoria College, University of Toronto, and studied under such modernists as Prof. S. H. Hooke, who was finally driven out of Victoria College by fundamentalist indignation, and Dr. H. B. Sharman, a chemistry professor who ruffled the clerical dovecotes of the Twenties with his scientific appraisal of the gospels. From the outset Endicott was what clergymen call "a leftist in theology."

At this stage, though, his radicalism was no impediment to popularity. He was president of the Student Council, chairman of the Student Christian Movement, winner of several scholarships and prizes including the Senior Stick, awarded by vote of the students to the best all-round man of their year. Classmates remember him as a cheerful idealist, occasionally more impulsive than discreet.

One afternoon in 1923 the solemn quiet of Hart House library was shattered by Endicott hurling a book from one end of the room to the other. The librarian rebuked him for disturbing the peace.

"I don't give a continental," Endicott said. "That's a terrible book. You shouldn't have it in the library at all." My informant never did find out what book it was, but he says the incident was typical of the Jim Endicott he knew in those days.

Endicott got his MA from Victoria College in 1925. He was ordained, married his classmate Mary Austin and set off, in October, for the West China province where he had been born.

He didn't get there immediately. Mary Endicott was pregnant when they reached Chungking and the mission thought it wise for the young couple to stay there within reach of decent hospital facilities until their baby arrived. Not long afterward came the political troubles which culminated in the 1927 revolution and the elevation to power of Chiang Kai-shek. Like most missionaries the Endicotts were ordered to Tokyo, where they spent a year studying Chinese.

When he left Szechuan province at the age of twelve Endicott had fluent command of a child's vocabulary in Chinese, but he lost it in the years he spent in Canada. Probably the early training helped him, though. In a relatively short time he achieved remarkable fluency in the language, which he perfected in ten years of teaching at the mission high school in Cheng-tu and later at West China Union University.

Today Endicott is probably the only Westerner alive who, speaking in Chinese, can move a Chinese audience to laughter and to tears. He is rated, by men who have spent years in China, to be closer to the Chinese peasant, more deeply aware of his hopes and fears and problems, than any other foreigner and more than many educated Chinese. But, in spite of these unusual qualities, he spent the first half of his career in relative obscurity.

The person who brought him into prominence, ironically, was Mme. Chiang Kai-shek. At her suggestion the Generalissimo asked the United Church of Canada to lend Endicott to the New Life Movement which was trying to repair the sagging morale of Nationalist China. That was in 1938. Endicott worked for the Chiangs in Chungking until 1941, when he returned to Canada on a speaking tour in support of the Chinese war effort. (This was before Pearl Harbor.)

Some of Endicott's speeches during that tour are embarrassing to him today. Mme. Chiang, he said on one occasion, was "a combination of Helen of Troy, Florence Nightingale and Joan of Arc." As for her husband, "to me he stands there in the midst of his bombed and blasted capital, a great and heroic figure, clothed with the qualities of a Lincoln."

Four years later Endicott had joined the bit-



The Endicotts have their picture taken in Toronto with their grandchild Suzanne after their tour of Red China.

terest enemies of the man he thus extolled. What caused the change is a matter of some controversy.

"Jim minimizes it now," said one former colleague, "but he had a personal falling-out with the Chiangs when he went back to China."

Another fellow minister thinks the change began even earlier, when Mme. Chiang visited Canada in 1942. Endicott was in Toronto, and he was supposed to be a close friend. She didn't communicate with him in any way. Some of Endicott's friends think he felt rudely snubbed, and resented it.

Endicott himself says he was changed by what he saw and heard when he got back in 1944. This was after the "turning point" when he read the Communist Manifesto on a slow boat to China. He visited Chinese troops on the Burma Road who were starving because crooked officers had pocketed the money that should have bought their food. But the decisive thing, he says, was an incident in Chungking.

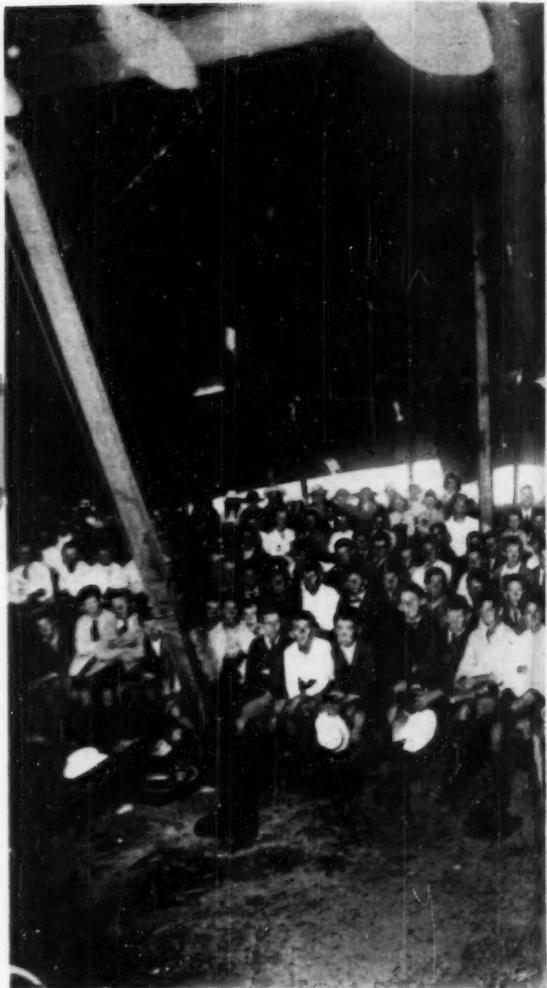
Several Communists employed with the New Life Movement (these were the days of "co-operation" between Nationalist

Continued on page 49

When



The photograph at the left was taken when Chautauqua came to Vanscoy, Sask., on July 14, 1924. The crowd on the right came to see the show in Vulcan, Alta., in the summer of 1923 when a Dr. James L. Gordon was one of the big attractions.



A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

When Chautauqua used to come to town
with silver-tongued orators
and Swiss bell ringers
it was like fair week, a revival meeting
and the music festival
all at the same time

By MONICA MUGAN

OH, it's nice to be in the big brown tent
That Chautauqua here to our town has sent!
There is nothing like it the whole year through
And the whole darned family enjoys it too!
Ma and Pa and the hired man
They come to the tent every chance they can
With brother and sister and baby small
For the family ticket admits them all!

(To the tune: *Turkey in the Straw*)

AT ONE O'CLOCK of a brilliant western night nearly twenty-five years ago a lumbering overladen Buick sedan reached the banks of the North Saskatchewan River, south of St. Paul de Métis. A sign pointed to a ferry offering twenty-four-hour service but the ferryman had long since sought his bunk on the opposite shore. The car horn sounded, first, in short blasts, then with long-drawn-out notes that almost drained the battery. Only a coyote howled in answer. The men in the car hollered but their shouts fell unheard into the valley of the river one hundred and fifty feet below. Then one of the men in the car, Ben Ritzenthaler, unpacked his clarinet. "Let's give it to him, boys!" he said, and a moment later the loud and brassy Petrie Quintette swung into the Light Cavalry Overture.

This early morning trumpeting not only roused the ferryman—he came running with his flannelette nightshirt round his knees—it also heralded a

cultural invasion of northern Alberta. Chautauqua was heading for the Peace River Country. This was the last frontier to fall beneath the spell of the movement that swept the west from 1915 to 1935 when the big brown tents disappeared.

For twenty years a generation of young Canadians looked forward to the annual Chautauqua week. In cities, towns and villages from Winnipeg to Chilliwack, the Chautauqua banners fluttered across main streets every spring; the Chautauqua parade rambled through the streets and the children learned to sing the Chautauqua song, and chant:

C-h-a-u — This is how you spell it:
C-h-a-u — Listen to us yell it!
Chautauqua! CHAUTAUQUA! CHAUTAUQUA!

Businessmen, clergymen, school principals and prominent farmers raised tent poles, rolled oil drums used to support the stage, and sold the family tickets that helped ward off a possible annual deficit. Chautauqua was a community venture and the local people were never allowed to forget it—from the day the advance agent blew into town until the superintendent, with her winning smile, folded up next year's contract, picked up her cash box, and headed for the next town on the circuit. I know, for I was a superintendent.

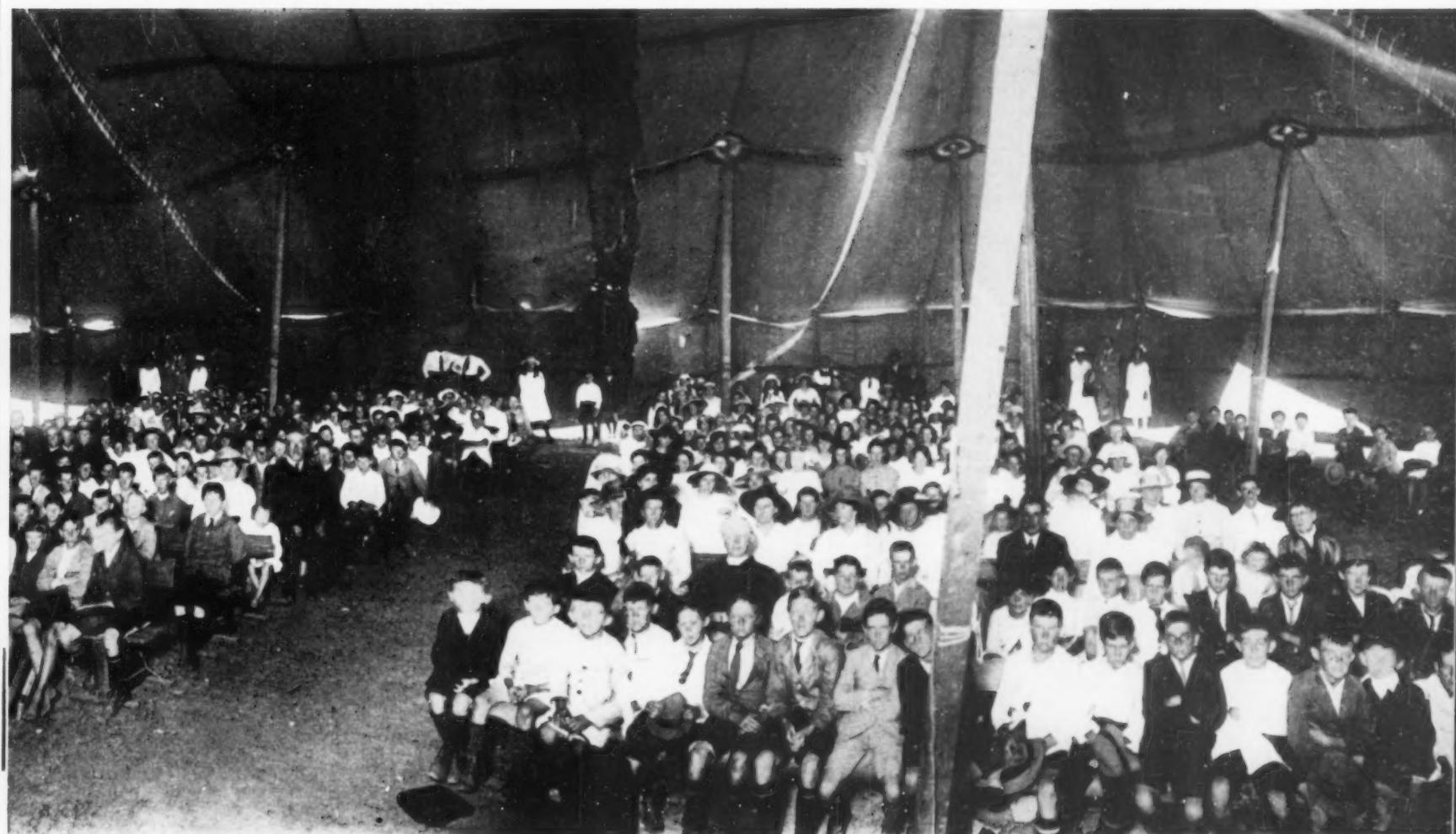
After the west had been blanketed with Chautauqua banners for a decade the big brown tents came eastward and residents of places like Barrie, Kapuskasing, and Sudbury, in Ontario, listened to

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Julius Caesar Nayphe, and Private Peet; watched the good-for-the-entire-family Chautauqua plays and heard the music of Viera's Hawaiians and the Swiss Bell Ringers.

There was an annual week of Chautauqua entertainment for the communities who signed up for it; and most of them did. Hard-headed businessmen mortgaged next year's profits to bring Chautauqua to the district. And the phenomenon continued even when in a bad season those same men, signers of the watertight contract, were forced to dig into their own pockets to pay up the deficit. Even an attorney-general of Saskatchewan, consulted by a small town looking for escape from its Chautauqua contract, found the document impregnable. But in a good year the oversale of tickets could, if the contract allowed it, put money in a community pocket and help to build a local hall.

While cities like Calgary, Regina and Medicine Hat bought a week's entertainment consisting of six nights and four matinees, at a cost of around two thousand dollars, towns like Minnedosa, Indian Head and Coronation could buy a smaller edition down to a three-and-a-half-day program for as little as four hundred and thirty dollars. In the spring and summer the big shows played in one, two and three-pole canvas tents. The fall circuits, covering the smaller communities, played in theatres, schools, community halls, and once, in my memory, in a poolroom.

Culture Came in Tents



Chautauqua entered Canada on the day a lean American named J. M. Erickson got off the train at Calgary with a contract in his pocket for four thousand dollars a year, a ten-percent slice of over-all profit, and a one-third interest in the business he was to build up as Canadian Chautauqua. J. Roy Ellison and C. H. White, owners of a giant Chautauqua that served twelve hundred towns in the U. S., had backed the enterprise. Erickson, one of the Ellison-White managers, had conceived the idea of expansion into Canada and sold it to his bosses.

His first circuit in this country was called the Fall Festival for it was found that Canadians knew nothing of the Chautauqua tradition and found the name too clumsy to handle. That first year fifty towns were booked and so well sold on culture that Erickson remained in Canada to expand the circuit under the original name, and became owner of Canadian Chautauqua and a comfortable home in Calgary.

Chautauqua, as Erickson's managers and superintendents pointed out to audiences, derived the name from a cultural centre at Lake Chautauqua in New York State. Here, in the latter part of the last century, eminent musicians and speakers presented programs for those wealthy enough to enjoy a long holiday at the lakeside. Later, enterprising showmen captured the idea and literally put the culture of Chautauqua on the road, in big brown tents especially made for them.

Their speakers included William Jennings Bryan, Jane Addams, Judge Ben Lindsey, Emmeline Pankhurst, Richard Haliburton. Sir Hubert Wilkins and Vilhjalmur Stefansson raised money for their explorations on Chautauqua salaries. Lorado Taft, the sculptor, created a work of art on the platform each day, and Drew Pearson, whose father, Paul, headed an American Chautauqua circuit, found his feet on a platform built by community labor.

Jess Pugh, later radio's Scattergood Baines, was well known to Canadian audiences. Irvin S. Cobb made the one-night-stand circuit. Even Winston Churchill succumbed to the lure of the big brown tent. He went to New York in 1920 to join a circuit, but tangled with a taxicab, and was forced to return home without the earned dollars and prestige.

Many talented Canadians got their start on a Chautauqua platform. On one of the smaller circuits a Winnipeg girl called Evelyn Morris played the ingénue. Today she is known as Judith Evelyn on Broadway where she has been playing in *The Shrike* with Jose Ferrer. Elizabeth Sterling Haynes, drama instructor at the University of Alberta and co-founder of the Banff School of Fine Arts, once took a play company on a Chautauqua circuit.

Another Winnipeg girl, Janet Bacon, now Jan Chamberlain, wife of a Toronto publicist, won her stage spurs with a Chautauqua play company and today runs a speech school in Toronto. The man

who is now a top executive of the greatest show business in Canada had his first professional experience when he blew a trumpet in a Chautauqua quartette. He is Ernest Bushnell, director general of programs for the CBC.

Because Chautauqua was planned for the community, it had to be acceptable to every man, woman and child who could visit it. It boasted the cleanest plays, the most uplifting speakers, the most cultural musical entertainment a moral family could want.

Favorite dramas were milk-and-water productions like *Pollyanna*, *The Patsy*, *What Every Woman Knows*, *It Pays to Advertise*, and *Smilin' Through*. Each town got at least two of these productions per season. The most pointed line I can remember in Chautauqua dramatic literature is "Don't cry over spilt milk, there's enough water in it already!" That usually brought down the house.

Players often trod the Chautauqua boards under great difficulty. Every job was a one-night stand with sets to be put up by the cast in record time, then taken down after the show was over and packed up for the journey to the next town. The tent stage was made of boards placed over steel oil drums. The homemade steps to the back-tent dressing rooms were precarious and the dressing rooms themselves were fashioned by hanging a piece of canvas as a barrier between the male and female players. Upended

Continued on page 54

HE CHANGED THE TORONTO SUNDAY

By ERIC HUTTON



Lamport, who goes to church every Sunday, was primarily responsible for giving Sunday sport to his beloved home town, against United Press opposition.

Outspoken Allan Lamport became Toronto's mayor when the record said he didn't have a chance. And all those people who shudder at the memory of a Toronto Sabbath just wouldn't know the old place now

PHOTOS BY DESMOND RUSSELL

WITHIN the memory of men still spry, trolley cars were not permitted to run in Toronto on a Sunday. In Sept. 1949 one John Comartin was fined twenty-five dollars or ten days in jail for painting a car on Sunday, and the Toronto Argonauts indignantly declined an invitation from the Montreal Alouettes to play a football game in Montreal on a Sunday.

In March 1937 Captain Archibald Pither, fined two dollars or one day in jail for buying a fifteen-cent package of tobacco in Toronto on Sunday, observed bitterly that "overseas I had to fight as hard on Sundays as any other day" — and elected to serve the sentence. Toronto storekeepers once plugged their penny-in-the-slot weighing machines on Sunday for fear of prosecution. Toronto

druggists demanded prescriptions for ginger ale after nineteen of them were fined in one day for Sunday sales.

Nine billiards players were haled into court under an 1859 Toronto law which prohibited "skittles" on the Sabbath. An amateur bowling tourney which brought six hundred players and spectators to Toronto from as far away as Buffalo was halted by police when the final games ran thirty minutes into Sunday. The visiting bowlers departed with vows never to return to the unprintable city.

If those people who still speak of spending a week in Toronto one Sunday would relent just once they'd never know the old place now. Up to twenty thousand fans jam Toronto's baseball stadium for Sunday doubleheaders, with no greater punishment

than watching the Maple Leafs fumble away both games. Canadian rugby, soccer and other outdoor and indoor sports are wide open every Sunday afternoon. Maple Leaf Gardens resounds to highly paid amateur hockey. Toronto's Sunday sophistication reached the point last winter where the Barrie contenders for the Memorial Cup were given the ultimatum of playing Sundays at the Gardens or getting out of the league.

The man largely responsible for the fact that a cannon can no longer be fired harmlessly down Toronto's main street at high noon on Sunday (a favorite outlanders' joke) is Allan Austin Lamport, who goes to church every Sunday and spends the rest of his waking hours working at being mayor of Toronto.

The apparent incongruity of Toronto electing the man who broke open its traditional closed Sunday is only part of the Lamport paradox. He has made a career of giving Toronto what the city's self-appointed spokesmen were sure the city did not want. The Toronto Telegram stated in an editorial just before the city voted for Sunday sport: "Toronto has no need for the introduction of Sunday sport. It is not necessary for the enjoyment of this day." The Star decided that Sunday sport "is something the city does not need or want. Toronto's Sunday is something typically Canadian, and should be kept that way."

Two years before Sunday sports became a civic issue, Lamport committed what seemed to be political suicide. The Conservative provincial government passed a law permitting cocktail bars in cities of more than fifty thousand without a vote of the citizens. Thoroughly alarmed at the vengeance "Toronto the Good" would wreak on elected representatives who permitted such iniquity to go unchallenged the city council passed a resolution demanding (a) cocktail bars be held up pending a vote; (b) cocktail bars be kept out of Toronto under any circumstances.

Lamport, then a mere alderman and a Liberal at that, jeered at the predominantly Tory council for failing to support party policy. He added that Toronto was getting to be a grown-up city and grownups were supposed to be able to take their liquor or leave it. The vote was twenty-two to one. Five years later Toronto has seventy-two liquor outlets.

Lamport has recently come out in favor of Sunday movies and opening the Canadian National Exhibition on Sundays "if the people want those things." A plebiscite on the subject is likely.

Lamport himself disclaims responsibility for changing Toronto. "The simple truth," he says, "is that Toronto has been changing for many years. All I did was recognize that it *was* happening, and help it to happen in the healthiest way."

Lamport is not one to dwell on past triumphs. "I haven't got the time. Being mayor of Toronto is like being a prime minister—without a cabinet or a majority. The four members of Toronto's board of control are independent, and so are the members of the city council. I have to talk them into everything I think should be done. Being mayor of Toronto is two full-time jobs—a social job and an administrative job." He fits the two jobs into a sixteen-hour day.

Recently a Toronto citizen who wanted a word with the mayor decided to telephone City Hall, although it was long past five o'clock. The mayor was in, all right, but conversation was hampered by a loud buzzing noise. Finally the caller bellowed that he would hang up and try to get a clear line. Immediately the noise stopped, and Lamport said with a chuckle, "Sorry. I was shaving."

Lamport himself does not feel he merits particular praise for dedicating all his waking hours to the job. "There is," he says, "nothing in this world I'd rather be than mayor of Toronto." He dislikes calls of duty which take him beyond the city limits.

As a young man Lamport spent several months in Thessalon, Ont., bossing a building project for his father. As an RCAF officer he was transferred outside Toronto (punishment, he hints darkly to this day, for a Legislature speech in which he called Henry Ford, a pre-Pearl Harbor pacifist, "a black-hearted American quisling"). But, apart from those periods of exile, Lamport has spent his forty-seven years doggedly and happily in Toronto.

He is openly critical of city council colleagues and civic officials who organize junkets for themselves to distant cities. Lamport honestly cannot understand how anyone can bear to be anywhere else than in Toronto. When compelled to go to Ottawa to pound the desks of cabinet ministers on behalf of Toronto's housing, finances and overflowing lakefront, he chafes at the overnight absences such trips sometimes entail. On a recent visit he badgered no fewer than six cabinet ministers between morning and evening planes.

Allan Lamport is one of those rare politicians who, having stated all the conventional noble motives for being in politics, adds: "Besides, I love politics and I love a fight."

From the moment he took office Lamport has made sure he is surrounded by plenty of both. Scarcely had the last words of the swearing-in ceremony been spoken than he started flailing away in all directions. He inherited an impending transportation strike, and publicly pointed an accusing finger at the Toronto Transportation Commissioners for never having sat across a table from the union leaders. Privately he criticized the union for calling the strike-vote meeting at midnight. "That meant," he said sorrowfully, "many of the younger men waited in beer rooms—and were in no mood to listen to reason when they got to the meeting."

Next he took an effective poke at the deeply entrenched officers of the Canadian National Exhibition for allegedly permitting midway concessions to become a private monopoly; future contracts are to be by open tender and CNE business methods are being scrutinized by efficiency experts.

Lamport threatened the privately owned Consumers' Gas Company with expropriation for raising rates. He demanded that the Federal Government "pull the plug" in the St. Lawrence Gut Dam to lower Lake Ontario's abnormally



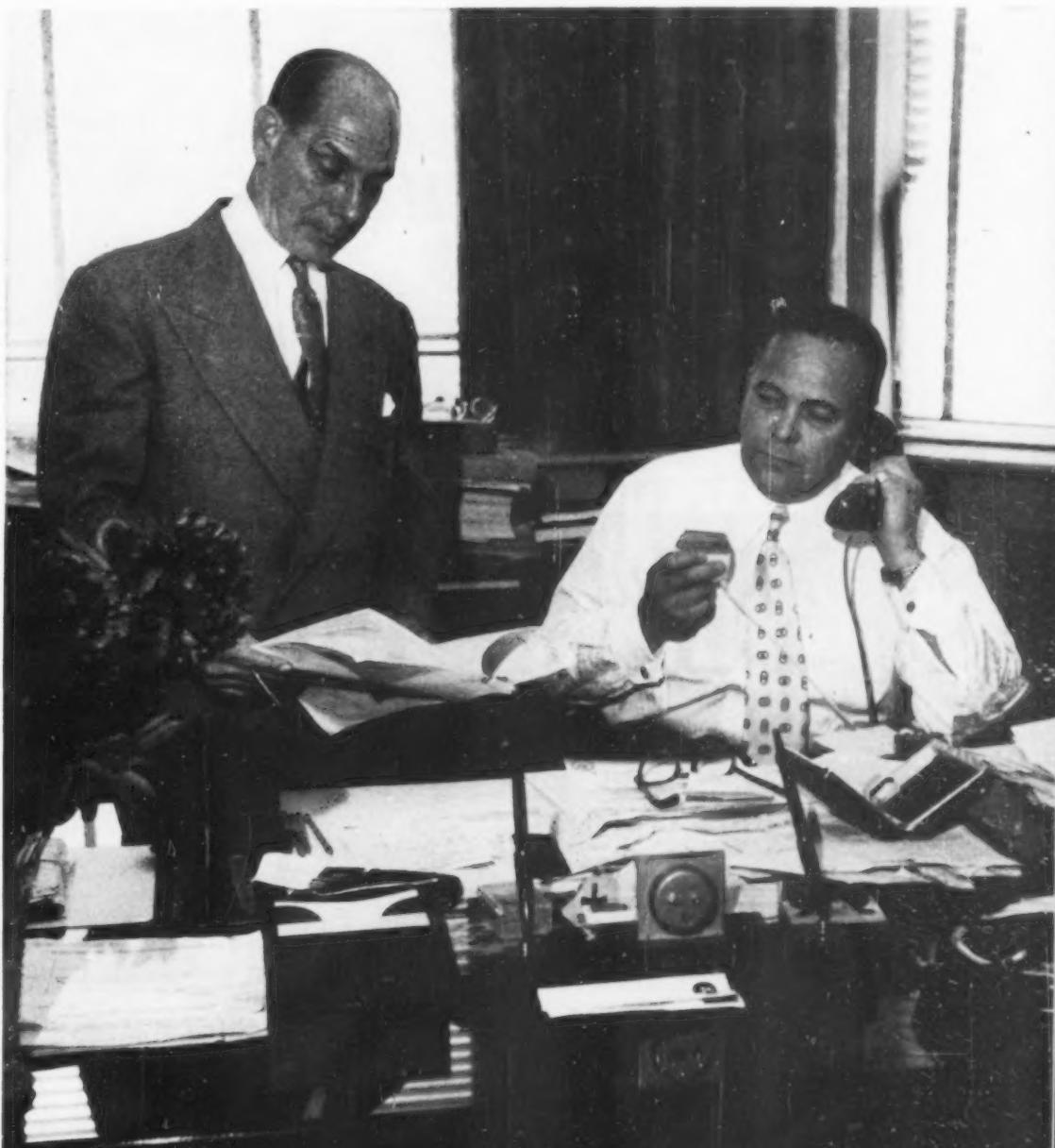
The Lamports worked as an election team. Jane (left) drove the car while the younger Suzanne rang the doorbells.

high water level which was threatening to engulf Toronto Island. At the same time he shocked the island residents, four thousand die-hard dwellers on a semi-submerged sandspit in Toronto harbor, by telling them the island was in imminent danger of being inundated, that it was never meant to be a year-round residential area anyway, and they had better be prepared to abandon their homes. "Sometimes," said Lamport later, "I talk a little tougher than I have to just so the problem will sink in."

For example, he

Continued on page 58

Doing three things at once may not be normal Lamport routine, but he does work a sixteen-hour day. With electric razor he clips five-o'clock shadow as City Clerk Weale discusses problem.





More than just a hotel, the Chateau Frontenac has become a symbol of Canada. To ocean travelers it holds open the gate to the New World.

THE CHATEAU ON THE ROCK

By MCKENZIE PORTER

COLOR PHOTOS BY KEN BELL AND PETER CROYDON

In the Chateau Frontenac above the St. Lawrence Queen Elizabeth, Lord Louis Mountbatten, Louise Fazenda, Gene Tunney, Winston Churchill and a diminutive button salesman have stayed among the Greek braziers and basked in the super-service of a famous landmark



Maitre d'hotel Alfred Thomas (left) and manager George J. Jessop work on a special menu.



Golden pheasant plumage was mounted on a dish for the Princess by Chef Ernest Schmid.



For thirty years bell captain Harry Bartlett has guided the stream of titles and tourists.

SHORTLY after the last war a London travel agency interested in promoting emigration asked a hundred people who had never been outside England to study a series of photographs and pick out one they were certain was taken in Canada. Without exception they selected a shot of the Chateau Frontenac, that massive feudal pile which soars five hundred feet above the St. Lawrence River and dominates the steep and hoary streets of Quebec City.

This supports the claim of the owners, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company Ltd., that the Chateau Frontenac is the most famous hotel in the world.

The late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, who was one of Britain's wartime chiefs of staff, once said, "Whenever somebody mentions Canada the first image that leaps to my mind is that of the Chateau Frontenac, and I think that goes for most Europeans too."

Although it was built only fifty-nine years ago the spires, turrets, arches and gables of this mock medieval castle have already been woven into the tapestry of the traditional Canadian scene. Since its foundations are rooted among the subterranean remains of ancient fortresses and early colonial residences at the summit of "North America's Gibraltar" it is impossible to keep its vast façade out of schoolbook illustrations. Thus wherever Canadian, American, British and French history is taught, and the gallant fate of Wolfe and Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham is recalled, the Chateau Frontenac steals the picture.

Outside Quebec Province most Canadian families

have at least one member who speaks of the Chateau Frontenac as a sight he will never forget. The immigrant liner sweeps around the bend in the river and there it is, in all its lofty majesty, commanding the oldest of entrances to the latest of promised lands. The newcomer rarely thinks of the Chateau Frontenac as a hotel. To him it is the landmark of his future.

Frederick George Scott, a Canadian poet, wrote in 1928:

Quebec stands guardian at our water gate.
And watches from her battlemented state
The great ships passing with their living store
Of human myriads coming to our shore,
Expectant, joyous, resolute, elate.

Because of its unique location in this continent's only walled city and in the capital of a community which has stoutly preserved its French identity, the Chateau Frontenac attracts as glittering a pilgrimage of monarchs, millionaires, statesmen and celebrities as the Savoy in London, the Ritz in Paris or the Waldorf-Astoria in New York.

But because it must survive the consequences of being huge beyond proportion to Quebec City's two hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants the management gives equal welcome to the humblest of commercial travelers, the merriest of conventioners, the most budget-minded of tourists and the brashest of local citizens, who use its luxurious confines as a rendezvous, promenade and free club.

The Chateau Frontenac is the second biggest hotel in Canada. Toronto's Royal York is the biggest. The Chateau has seven hundred bedrooms

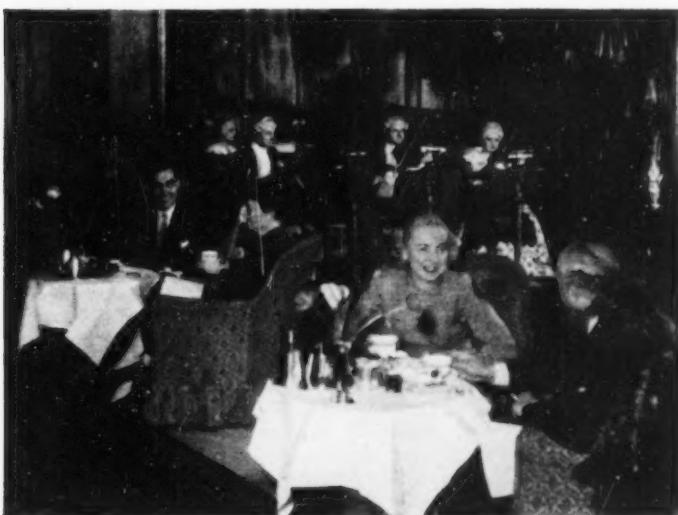
ranging in price from six-fifty a day to suites at fifty dollars. When pressed it can accommodate thirteen hundred guests.

The registers go back to names like Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Earl Jellicoe, Earl Haig, the Vanderbilts and the Astors. In the musty files you may see the signatures of Ramsay MacDonald, Stanley Baldwin, Charles Lindbergh, Louise Fazenda, Jack Sharkey, Gene Tunney, and a host of other headliners of the Twenties and Thirties.

Just before World War II George VI and his Queen were there. Early in the war George, the late Duke of Kent, was a guest. In 1943 and again in 1944 the brains in the Anglo-American command gathered under the Chateau roof to plan D-Day and the defeat of Japan. Winston Churchill, who at that time was staying with Franklin D. Roosevelt and Mackenzie King in the adjacent Citadel, wrote: "No more splendid or fitting setting for a meeting of those who guided the war policy of the Western world could have been chosen at this cardinal moment . . ."

A few weeks before her father's death the present Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh caught a glimpse of the Chateau Frontenac's Chippendale chairs, Jacobean dressers, Queen Anne desks, Cromwellian candlesticks, Louis XV mirrors and a view of that waterway up which Samuel de Champlain sailed nearly three hundred and fifty years before. But the royal visit did not seal the Chateau from regular custom. "On that day," says a little button salesman who's been taking a minimum-price room for twenty years, "they

Continued on page 42



In the St. Lawrence Room a quartet in wigs and silks helps provide an eighteenth-century atmosphere. In winter there are masked balls.



The hotel's toboggan run is renowned. Built on the ruins of ancient forts and residences, the Chateau can hold thirteen hundred guests.



Dirk and Truus Vandervalk have three children of their own, have adopted three more, would like to adopt all the rest of their happy family.

THEY WANT THE UNWANTED

Taking children from broken homes and city streets this Quebec couple turned a run-down farm into a bustling haven. They have sheltered eighty waifs in four years and — without a dollar in the bank — they're now dreaming of a permanent children's village

By SIDNEY KATZ

PHOTOS BY DAVID BIER

ON A QUEBEC FARM Dirk and Truus Vandervalk, a Dutch-Canadian couple, live happily with nineteen English, French, Dutch and Norwegian children who were unwanted and uncared for by their parents. During the past four years they have also given temporary shelter to sixty other youngsters, some of them beaten, bruised and starved, all of them unloved. Swelling the current family to twenty-two are the three children born to the Vandervalks. And recently they adopted three of the youngest waifs. They say they would adopt them all if they could.

Surveying his crops, two houses, barns and livestock, Dirk Vandervalk, a lanky six-footer with an ascetic face, exclaims, "A miracle has taken place. There's no limit to what God can do." His farm, Le Flambeau — which means "the light" — existed only as a vague hope four years ago.



Older children, like Louis Vandervalk, 13, help with farm chores, earn extra money.

For years Vandervalk and his wife Truus wanted to establish a shelter for unwanted and neglected youngsters. Friends told them they couldn't do it without a lot of money and influential friends. They had neither but embarked on their project anyway, because they felt the need was urgent.

"All we had to build with was a firm belief in the rightness of our work—and faith in God," says Truus Vandervalk.

Today the assets of Le Flambeau are more tangible. On the farm, sixty miles southeast of Montreal, two rambling farmhouses are located on two hundred and twenty acres of land. A small station wagon stands in the laneway. Cows, horses, pigs, goats and chickens roam about. The larder is filled with jars and cans of food produced off the land. Bill Learoyd, a University of Toronto graduate, holds classes in Le Flambeau's own little

school. The girls live in one house, Le Nid Fleuri (the Flowered Nest), the boys in the other, La Ruche (the Beehive).

At the rear of La Ruche stands a half-completed annex which will provide living quarters, classrooms and workshops for teaching manual training, electrical work and weaving. Like many other parts of Le Flambeau, this annex was planned without a single penny on hand. The Vandervalks hope to complete it in a year.

Recently I spent a few days observing how the warmth of family life works its healing magic at Le Flambeau. Helen, a tall auburn-haired girl of twelve, was commended for the way she bathed and dressed two of the babies. "You'll make a good nurse," says Truus, beaming. Four years ago Helen arrived from a northern Quebec town, bitter, uncommunicative and sullen; her mother refused to care for her after the husband had been jailed. Today she cheerfully goes to school and wants to become a nurse.

Marcel, a sixteen-year-old with black curly hair, entered the house after hauling feed to the animals. A weather-beaten and sturdy lad, he gave me a friendly hello and attacked a thick peanut-butter sandwich. Eleven months ago he was sickly and anaemic. His impoverished family, living near Rivière du Loup, was unable to care for him and despaired of his life. "He's already gained twenty pounds," says Dirk, "and he's got more pep than anyone else around here."

Denis, a slight twelve-year-old with piercing blue eyes, flicked on a broken mantel radio with which he had been tinkering, and music blared. "I think that does it," he said modestly as the children around him applauded. Denis has acquired a family reputation for being Mr. Fix-it; he repairs clocks, engines, boots or anything no one knows what to do with. He came to Le Flambeau after being often beaten at his home near Quebec City because he was a "wild animal" and "dim-witted."

Truus picks up Kathleen, a blond four-year-old with delicate features, and prepares her for bed. She had been a premature baby and the doctor's directions for an enriched diet had gone unheeded. When her parents broke up a year ago Kathleen was sent to the Vandervalks by welfare workers. Now she has made up the lost ground.

Dirk enters the kitchen with a brash twelve-year-old, Emil, who is receiving special attention. He was raised in Montreal's red-light district by parents completely uninterested in him. By day



One neglected child put on twenty pounds at Le Flambeau. Friends, neighbors, even strangers, help out with supplies.

he sneaked into movies or went shoplifting; by night he roamed the streets. But the Vandervalks feel he is responding to their encouragement and guidance. Now he likes nothing more than walking with Dirk around Le Flambeau and discussing plant life or the moon and the stars. Recently he pressed a quarter he had just earned into Dirk's hand with the request, "Buy something nice for the little ones."

Although the Vandervalks have reaped a rich harvest in human happiness during the past four years they are still dollar-poor. Over and above what they can produce for themselves Le Flambeau requires five hundred dollars a month. The regular cash income, made up of allowances from parents and friends, is two hundred dollars. No organization or government is responsible for them. Yet they have ended up every year owing nothing.

Dirk says, "God never fails us," but there have been some close shaves. One spring, when their food supply was dangerously low, a truck pulled up at the door and deposited a half ton of flour and sixty dozen tins of creamed mushrooms. They were a gift from a friend who had just made the purchase at a railway auction sale of unclaimed goods.

On Feb. 14, 1950, the Vandervalks reached their lowest ebb: a cash payment on the farm was soon due and their purse was empty. Then a bank notice arrived on that snow-driven afternoon stating that \$1,867.20 had been deposited to Dirk's account by an anonymous donor. A few days later

he received another seven hundred dollars—an inheritance which had been frozen in the Netherlands for several years. When the end of the month rolled around there was enough money to meet the payment.

This past April, Truus ordered thirty-five dollars' worth of lumber urgently needed to proceed with the construction of the annex. A day before the material was to be delivered a Montreal merchant drove out to the farm and handed them an envelope with that exact amount in five-dollar bills. The merchant explained the money was a Christmas gift he had rediscovered while going through his desk to make his income-tax return.

"Such things are always happening to us," says Truus. "And," she adds doubtfully, "people tell us they are only coincidences."

While the slender budget makes it impossible to give the children an abundance of material things they try to be lavish in giving them what they

need most—love. Everything possible is done to make the youngsters feel they belong to a family, not an institution. Dirk and Truus are addressed as *Mon Oncle* and *Ma Tante* by the older children and as *Papa* and *Maman* by the younger ones. The entire family eats together in the over-sized kitchen of La Ruche. Dirk, sitting on a leather chair at the head of the table, says grace before the meal. After the last glass of milk has been drunk there is another prayer, this time one of a more personal nature. Thanks are given because a pile of falling lumber only bruised Maurice's left cheek, whereas it might have easily killed him. A special plea is made for Tiger, the striped cat, who ate some rat poison by mistake. (He recovered.)

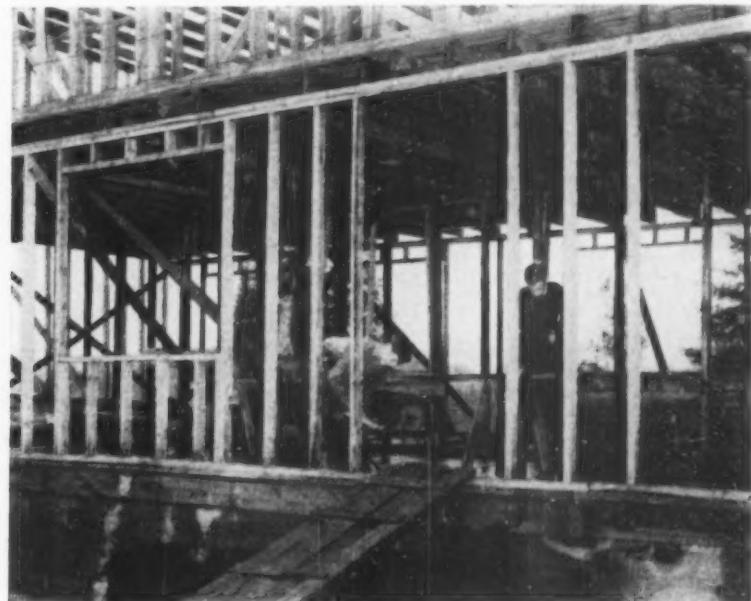
The sense of belonging is heightened by the sharing of household responsibilities. For the older children the day starts at a quarter past six with chores. Donald milks the cows; Marcel feeds the animals; Denis, Emil and Isabelle tend to the chickens and collect the eggs; Joe fills up the kitchen woodbox. Other children start the fire, make the coffee, porridge and toast.

After breakfast the youngsters go off to school. When classes are dismissed they busy themselves playing, doing homework or working away at one of their projects—building a wagon or miniature house out of stray pieces of lumber, or whittling toy boats and tops, making dolls or trucks. Supper is served at 5.45 and bedtime is anywhere from 7 to 9 p.m.

Continued on page 38



With twenty-two children on two hundred and twenty acres the small station wagon keeps busy. A Toronto BA teaches school.



An annex to teach trades is taking shape slowly; boys help with construction. The Vandervalks don't let lack of funds stop them.



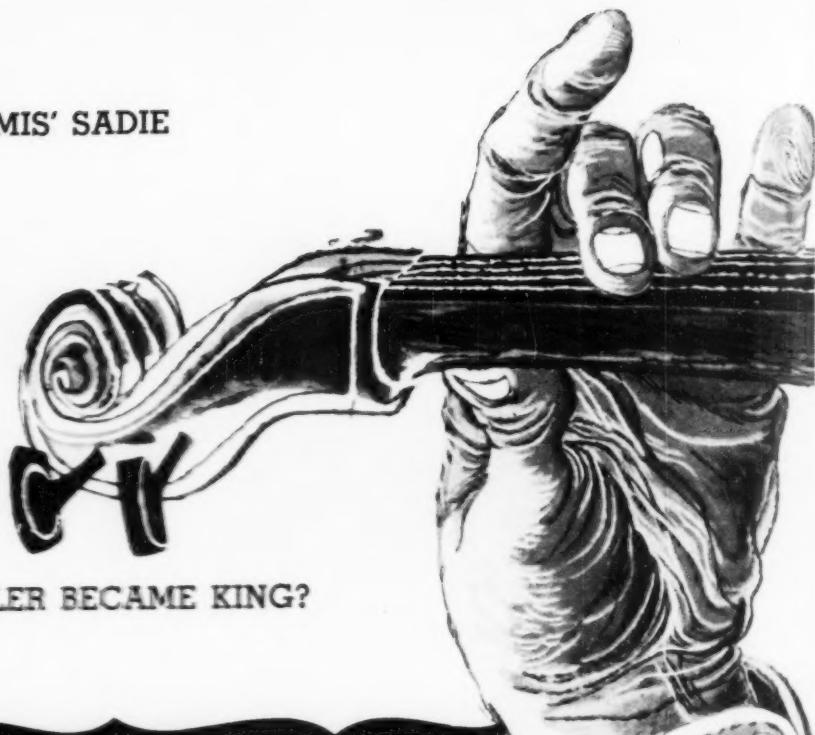
WHO COULD BLAME MIS' SADIE

FOR HAVING

A MARRYING LOOK

IN HER EYE

THE NIGHT THE FIDDLER BECAME KING?



"This here fiddle'll be my fortune," I told the Widow. "All I need is a dab of glue."

LISTEN to the MOCKING BIRD

By FRED E. ROSS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES HILL



She had a glow in her pretty eyes . . . I didn't mean to but I took her in my arms and kissed her.

I STOPPED in the Widow's yard and slapped my legs hard. When the major portion of road dust was beat out of my britches I stepped up on the porch and rapped on the door. I heard tripping noises inside the house, them coming closer to the door all the time. Then a soft voice called, "Who hails?"

"I'm Fiddler Yow, from down the road a piece," I said. "I come seeking a favor of you. I need the loan of some wood-holding glue, in case you happen to have some."

She unlatched the door and opened it wide. "Come in, Fiddler. Come in and sit."

The light blinded me at first for she had a lamp that threw out a power of light. When I recovered my sight I looked around. Her front room was neat as a pin. And the Widow was mighty prettied up to entertain a raggedy man like me. I was glad I'd had the gumption to dust off myself before knocking.

The Widow was some younger than me, about twenty-five, I figured, and pretty as could be. Face as fresh and handsome as any flower, and a form that made me wonder why I'd decided to be a bachelor. I stood there and admired her.

"Take a chair, Fiddler," she said.

I sat down and held my bundle in my lap. I squirmed around, for once in my life not knowing what to say, and I reckon she took pity on me. "What you got there, Fiddler?" she asked.

I held my bundle toward her and said, "I got some wild cherry, maple and spruce woods here that I'm fashioning into what I aims to be the best fiddle ever a bow was laid to. Only I ran out of glue. A man can't take up a box and call it a fiddle. Got to be carefully carved by hand and then glued up tight. This here fiddle'll be my fortune. All I need is a dab of glue to make a neat joint that

will hold. But I ain't got no glue. I was wondering if you had some?"

She smiled and said, "Why, yes, Fiddler, I think I can find enough glue to hold your fiddle. Make yourself at home while I rummage through the back room."

She left the room, my eyes following every move she made. Hopping Jack had used mighty good taste in picking her, I judged. He'd been a cabinetmaker and I'd figured on him leaving her some wood-holding glue when he passed on. That was the only reason I'd called on the Widow. As a rule I shy from widows even more than I do from ordinary women. But this was different. I had to have that glue.

I laid my woods on the floor beside the table where the lamp was. On the table was a picture of the Widow and her deceased husband. It was a right good picture of her but the likeness of "Hopping Jack" was nothing to speak of. He'd been sickly from birth and was on his last legs when he fetched her down from an orphan asylum in Howell county to be his bride. He lasted about a year after that. Coughed himself to death. It ran through my mind that her being an orphan could have had a heap of bearing on the case, her never having a chance to compare men. After he died she stayed on at the place, since she didn't have any living relations.

She came back, bearing something in her hand. "I found it, Fiddler!" She sounded mighty excited over a little pot of glue to lend to a fellow that wasn't apt to pay it back.

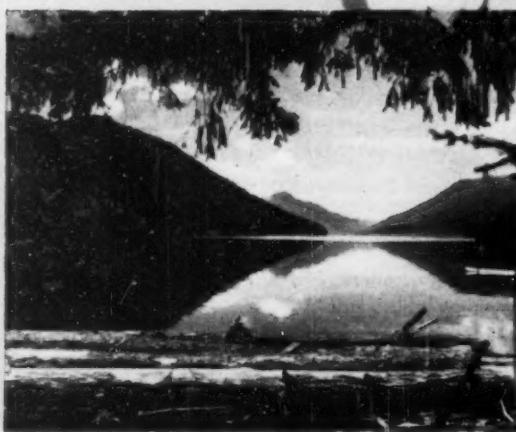
"The reason I fetched my fiddle parts, Mrs. Morgan," I said, "was to gauge how much glue I'll need. And I brought some splinters to glue together and then try to bust the seam. A man can't be too careful." *Continued on page 30*



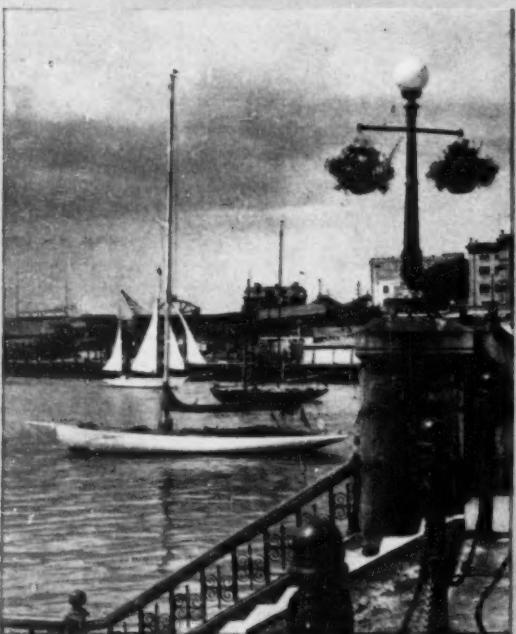
"Play, Fiddler," they said. My fiddle sang sweet
and I hit a few bird calls that sounded
like the old mocker himself. You never saw such a flurry.



In Vancouver Island interior, near Alberni, Mount Arrowsmith rises above Beaufort Drive.



Sproat and dozens of other lakes glisten amid logging devastation. Much replanting is needed.



Victoria, still a potent tourist lure, bustles with expanding industry, new purchasing power.

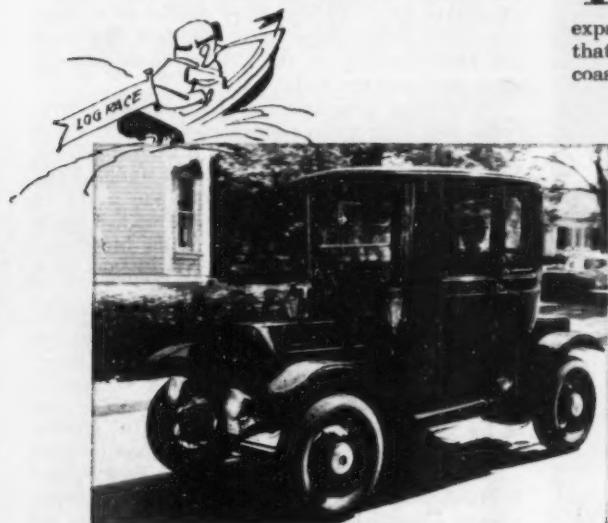
The Queen Mother said she'd like to live among the Gulf islands.



REVOLUTION IN LOTUSLAND



Bastion of old HBC fort guards port of Nanaimo which clears eight million feet of the world's best lumber every month.



This electric auto, still running, is a sign that Victoria doesn't want to change too fast.



Now that a boom is busting out all over Vancouver Island what will happen to the wonderful wacky charm that was always one of its greatest assets? The optimists hope that the power and the glory will live happily side by side

By STUART KEATE

MAP BY BERT GRASSICK

THE LOVELIEST corner of all Canada, in the opinion of Rudyard Kipling, Robert W. Service and William E. Hawkins Jr., an expatriate New Englander, is Vancouver Island, that wooded archipelago tucked into the southern coastline of British Columbia.

Kipling and Service looked on this majestic land with the eyes of artists and sang the praises of its mountains, lakes and rivers in prose and poetry. Hawkins had a different approach. Thumbing through a sports magazine in his Redding, Conn., home a couple of years ago he happened upon a listing of open seasons for hunting and fishing in North America. When he saw the Vancouver Island schedule his eyes popped. "It was twice as long as any of the others," he recalls. "Blue grouse, pheasant, quail, deer, bear, cougar, coho salmon and winter steelhead. I said to my wife: 'Dorothy that's for us.' She agreed. A few weeks later we had sold the house, packed my rifles, reels and dogs, and we were on our way."

Not long ago the amiable American spoke to the Rotary Club of Victoria on the reasons for his transcontinental hop. "I hope you appreciate what you've got here," he said. "This island has everything you can find anywhere else in the world."

When a full-grown cougar was shot out of a tree in the front yard of his Saanich home Hawkins refused to send newspaper clippings back to his pals in Connecticut. "They'd never believe it."

Hawkins insists today he's the happiest man in the world. At least once a week he's out on the Cowichan or Englishman's River, depleting these admirable waters of brown trout and steelhead.

When the late King and his Queen passed this way in 1939 she is reported to have looked longingly at one of the Gulf islands, which were pried loose from the main island in some cataclysmic upheaval thousands of years ago, and remarked to the ship's captain that she'd like to live there for the rest of her life. And when the famed travelogue director, James A. FitzPatrick ("... and so we bid reluctant farewell to beautiful Bongo-Bongo"), had seen the rest of the world he announced that he had purchased an island in the Straits and would hereinafter devote his life to watching the golden sun fading into the golden horizons of the golden west, with the thought uppermost in his mind that this was the life for him.

And so it is for the other 215,003 persons who inhabit this blessed land. Vancouver Island is long (two hundred and eighty-two miles) and narrow (fifty to sixty miles), a fat trout beside the massive creel of British Columbia. It has a jagged backbone of snow-capped peaks rising up to Golden Hinde (7,219 feet), studded with white scarves of waterfalls and exquisite tiny jewels of lakes.

Half the population of the island lives in and around Victoria, which is plugged on a local radio station as "Canada's most beautiful city"—a tag which irritates a number of natives who regard it as unnecessary and immodest. The other half (invariably called up-islanders by Victorians) live on the coastal fringes, with the largest concentration at Nanaimo (fifteen thousand) and around Port Alberni (about twelve thousand).

Victorians reside in a proliferating jungle of trees almost unknown elsewhere in Canada: flowering dogwood, gnarled oaks, holly, arbutus, monkey trees and a wild broom whose springtime flowering covers whole hillsides with vivid yellow. Among them, coveys of pheasant and quail roam at will. Farther north, in what island artist Emily Carr called the rain-forest, are the thick stands of Douglas fir, red cedar and hemlock. In 1939, Camp 6 of the Great Central Logging Co. felled a fir two hundred and twenty-five feet high which produced forty-three thousand board feet of lumber, enough for an apartment house.

Such giants live in areas which, like Kennedy Lake, have more than three hundred inches of rainfall a year. But Victoria, a hundred and fifty miles south, is warmed by the Japanese current: last year the peninsula was so parched that a rain-maker was summoned from Regina in an attempt to save the strawberry crop. He didn't. It is a source of never-ending satisfaction to Victorians that Vancouver, ninety miles away by sea, twenty minutes by air, has twice as much rain.

A few months ago a young Victoria business executive, who earns ten thousand dollars a year, was offered twenty thousand to go to work in Vancouver. He sneered, "THAT place?"

Few Canadians realize that Vancouver Island's area of 12,408 square miles makes it six times the size of Prince Edward Island, almost as big as Denmark and Switzerland. But when economists point out that Switzerland supports comfortably a population twenty times as large they are putting their fingers on the island's basic conflicts: commerce vs. charm; industry vs. insularity; the power vs. the glory.

Vancouver Island,

Continued on page 45



Among his many guises Frank Peddie, on radio and stage, has made the role of Socrates his own.

SOCRATES WAS ONCE A COP

This former officer in the Indian Police went on to become radio's Macbeth, Old Man Gatenby, Socrates and Farmer Craig, but the role he likes best is Francis Grove Peddie

By DOROTHY SANGSTER

FRANCIS GROVE PEDDIE, a rugged red-haired Scot of fifty-five, has a harder time than most men deciding who he is.

His predicament is understandable. For Peddie, who began his career with a four-year stint as a policeman in India, today finds himself cast in half a dozen roles—all different, all demanding.

There is, for instance, Peddie the radio actor, whose rich deep voice and convincing personality reach Canadians from coast to coast six or seven times a week from the studios of the CBC in Toronto. There is Peddie the barrister, who meets troubled clients in his office downtown. There is Peddie the farmer, proud possessor of a hundred acres of rolling country and half a hundred sheep, up by Mono Centre, northwest of Toronto. There's Peddie the stage actor, the star in last spring's successful production of *Socrates* by Toronto's Jupiter Theatre group. There's Peddie the cinema personality, whose narration for the documentary *Newfoundland Scene* helped win Crawley Films, of Ottawa, the 1951 award for the Canadian "film of the year."

In radio Peddie's already split personality is split still further. Toronto mothers who tune in to CKEY, a private station, for the program *Our Babies*, hear Peddie as a reassuring authority on what ails their infants and why. Rural families in Ontario and Quebec, gathering for their noon meal, recognize his deep chuckle five days a week on *The Craigs*, from CBL, CBM and other outlets. Thursdays he's a typical dairy farmer on a short spot called *Down Dairy Lane*. Sundays he's testy *Old Man Gatenby* on the CBC's prairie comedy series *Jake and the Kid*.

On evening programs he's been almost everybody, including Colin Glencannon, a lovable old seafarer addicted to quart bottles of Duggan's Dew; Lord Steyne, the cynical nobleman of *Vanity Fair*; Wardle, genial host at the Christmas party in *Pickwick Papers*, and Ebenezer, the wicked uncle in *Kidnapped*. Peddie has been Willie MacCrimmon, Dr. Dogbody, and *Macbeth*. He has even been the Voice of the Salvation Army.

Like all good actors Peddie lives his parts. W. O. Mitchell, who writes the Sunday afternoon radio comedy *Jake and the Kid*, says he never writes a line for *Old Man Gatenby* that he doesn't see Peddie scowling at him from the other side of his typewriter. A visitor to the CBC studios last spring when *Jake and Old Man Gatenby* were battling their way through *A Man's Best Friend Is His Enemy* reports that the realism was extraordinary. Peddie slurped his soup, chewed on his pipe, scratched his head, hunched his shoulders, muttered imprecations, turned red with fury and as the tempo of the story mounted, all but hit John Drainie (playing *Jake*) over the head with the microphone.

Unlike Drainie's voice, which is so supple he can convincingly tackle any male part between the ages of ten and a hundred in any accent you can mention, Peddie's voice is always his distinctive own—warm, strong and mature. He mouths his vowels and lingers lovingly on fine phrases. His scripts are unmarked except for a few pencilings representing short stops, long pauses and the occasional change in pitch or pace.

Well-known radio producer Andrew Allan, who does not make a habit of throwing verbal bouquets, says, "Some actors act with the head. Others act from the heart. Frank does both."

Peddie is tremendously interested in people, fascinated by their complexities, sympathetic about their troubles, furious at the situations they get themselves into. His main opportunity to help people comes through his law practice which he says he maintains "partly for a feeling of security, but mostly to convenience my friends." It takes Peddie ten times longer than anybody else to get from the basement cafeteria of the CBC up to a first-floor studio because he's stopped so many times en route by people whose legal affairs he's looking after. During Peddie's absences from the office,

his practice (mainly devoted to real-estate deals, wills, and the preliminary work in divorce cases) is looked after by an assistant, Ron Taylor. How often Taylor sees his boss can be estimated from a glance at the Peddie schedule for one week last spring:

Saturday: Last performance of Socrates. Party afterward. Leave early, rehearsal tomorrow morning.

Sunday: 9-12 a.m.: Rehearsal, CBC Wednesday Night: 1066 and All That. Noon: Rehearsal, Jake and the Kid. 5.30 p.m.: Broadcast, Jake and the Kid. 7.30 p.m.: Rehearsal, Stage 52: Captain of St. Margaret's.

Monday: 9-12 a.m.: Record The Craigs (five shows in advance). 2 p.m.: Rehearsal, 1066.

Tuesday: 2 p.m.: Rehearsal, Dr. Dogbody's Leg. 9 p.m.: Broadcast, Dr. Dogbody's Leg.

Wednesday: 9 a.m.: Magazine interview until noon. 2 p.m.: Rehearsal, 1066. 7.30 p.m.: Rehearsal, 1066 (till 10 p.m.). Catch train for Ottawa.

Thursday: 9 a.m.-5 p.m.: At Crawley Studios, narration for film about co-operative oil refinery. 6.30-10 p.m.: Narration for film about fur trade. 10.30 p.m.: Voice test for film on Baffin Land.

Friday: Back to Toronto by train. Rehearsals for Ford show, The Willow Cabin.

Saturday: All-day rehearsals, Stage 52.

Producer Frank Willis once observed of Peddie, "Given a part that fits his voice and person, he can project that character into your living room like no one else I know."

The character that Peddie has most successfully projected into thousands of living rooms ever since 1939 is that of a southern Ontario farmer by the name of Thomas Craig. The Craigs, once loosely described as "an intelligent sort of soap opera about farmers, with a strong educational slant," is a short dramatic interlude on the popular CBC noon feature Farm Forum. Written by Dean Hughes, himself a farm boy, it has run for thirteen years with its original cast.

Thomas Craig is—like Peddie—of Scottish extraction, sociable, fond of words, respectful of learning. Peddie—like Craig—is quick-tempered, fun-loving, fairly conservative. Hughes says, "They're so much like each other that I can't tell them apart any more. Why, I've even got to calling Frank 'Thomas.'"

It's no wonder that Hughes is confused for the CBC farm department—which sponsors The Craigs—has gone to great lengths to provide them with an authentic background. For instance, since the program can be heard as far west as Kenora in Ontario, and as far east as Sherbrooke in Quebec, the non-existent Craig homestead is presumed to be located halfway between western Ontario and eastern Quebec, at a mythical place named Rock Falls, Ont. Sugaring time, seeding, ploughing and harvesting are scheduled according to the actual climate of this arbitrary locality. So that sound effects will be logical, a map of the farm hangs on a CBC wall with all distances carefully marked. If Thomas Craig, standing on his front porch, hears a car honking its approach on the highway, the sound effects man is briefed that the highway is four hundred feet from the front porch and gauges his sound accordingly. Since what has gone on in thirteen long years is obviously impossible for any author to remember, the map also keeps track of geographical and physical changes like old buildings that have burned down, new buildings that have been erected and minor characters who have come and gone over the years. Scripts are the subject of a weekly get-together between author, producer and farm department and all major changes in plot are known and approved a year ahead of time. Fact is the main ingredient of The Craigs and every script is judged on two points: Is it true to life? Is it good for the farmer?

As authentic as their foolproof setting are the



On a hundred rolling Ontario acres Peddie becomes gentleman farmer, shepherd to fifty-eight sheep. But his Mono Centre neighbors know him as "Thomas Craig," the CBC's noontime farmer.



Broadcasting The Craigs, which has been running for thirteen years, Peddie (left) joins Alice Hill, George Murray and Grace Webster. Some listeners believe that they are actually a family.

F. G. Peddie, lawyer, maintains an office on Toronto's Queen Street, but he's seldom in it. He has also made a mark as a film narrator, won laurels in Canada's "film of the year" in 1951.



four main characters themselves: Thomas Craig the father (Peddie); Martha his wife (Grace Webster), an even-tempered, efficient farmwoman devoted to the well-being of her family; Janice their young widowed schoolteacher daughter (Alice Hill) and Bill their son (George Murray) who has gone to Macdonald College for his farming education and represents today's progressive younger generation of Canadian farmers.

Because writer Hughes sees Peddie and Craig as practically interchangeable he takes sly delight in ribbing Peddie occasionally by giving him ironic lines to speak. Not long ago Thomas Craig wondered if he'd have made a good lawyer: his son Bill assured him he'd have been a dismal failure. Another time, fresh from acting the lead in a rural play, Thomas bragged that if he weren't a farmer he would have made a fine actor. This sent the rest of the Craigs off into gales of laughter.

So emphatically does Peddie mouth Craig's opinions that his lines require careful editing. A CBC farm department man explains, "When Peddie says a cereal is no good, it sounds as if it's no damn good, and from there on plenty of farmers wouldn't touch it with a long-handled rake."

When Thomas Craig complained of his laryngitis on a program last year many listeners hastened to send him their own guaranteed homemade remedies. When Janice Craig was married for some time with no sign of approaching motherhood they penned anxious letters to the CBC asking why Janice hadn't had a baby—was anything the matter? Last year a postal official forwarded to the CBC a letter addressed simply "The Sentinel, Rock Falls, Ontario." It was from a farmer's wife who wanted to take out a subscription to the Craig's town newspaper. And a receptionist in the CBC booth at the Royal Winter Fair remembers the woman who discovered a publicity picture of The Craigs gathered around the mike and turned happily to tell her husband, "My, aren't they fine-looking people? I think it's so nice for a family to be able to earn its living that way."

Three years ago Peddie, infected by the rural atmosphere in which he soaks five days a week, bought a hundred-acre farm himself. Since then his identification with Thomas Craig is complete.

Kay Stevenson, who produces the program, tells how she got lost on a side road on her way to visit the Peddies. She asked her way at half a dozen farmhouses but nobody had ever heard of Frank Peddie. Finally, on a hunch, she said, "Well then, do you know where Thomas Craig lives?" Immediate response. "Craig's place? Oh, sure! Just on down the road a piece. You'll know it all right—it's all done up."

Lil' Peddie, Frank's wife, remembers their first visitor, a friendly farmwoman who had heard about their new place from a Toronto columnist and came right out for a neighborly call. "How's your back?" she kept asking Frank, who as Thomas Craig had once fallen out of a cherry tree. And, "Heard you lost your cow. Find her yet?"

Once Peddie had gone to a rural community to clear up a title, in his capacity of lawyer, only to discover on arrival that the township treasurer was not at home. The treasurer's wife answered the door—a gentle intelligent-looking woman who, even as Frank stated his business, seemed to be staring strangely at him and listening with unusual concentration. All of a sudden, a smile covered her face and she reached out to touch his hands. "Now I know who you are. You're that man on the radio. I knew I'd heard that voice before. Oh, if I could only see you!"

When Andrew Allan was recently asked what he attributed Frank Peddie's solid success in half a dozen different fields to, he smilingly quoted the Old Country saw: "It takks a lang spoon tae sup wi' a Fifer."

It's true that Peddie was born in Fifeshire, the younger of two sons. His parents intended him for the law but even as a boy his true love was the stage. At fourteen he acted the lead in a school play, *Ici On Parle Français*. At fifteen he knew most of Shakespeare by heart. At sixteen he was begging his parents to let him join the E. F. Benson



The Peddie men (David, 22, Jim, 17, Frank, 55) oversee Mrs. Peddie's cooking. They like curry.

Touring Company, a well-known acting group. They refused, and Frank reluctantly went back to his books.

In 1914 both Peddie boys enlisted. James, the elder, later died in India. Frank won the Military Cross, was wounded, and taken prisoner. In 1920, still unwilling to pursue his law studies, he was one of eight hundred applicants for eleven vacancies in the Indian Police. A year later he was assistant supervisor of police in the Punjab.

Peddie contracted malaria and after four years of attacks his doctor insisted he quit India. He had always wanted to live in Canada, and he chose Toronto. His first job, on the landing dock of a packing plant, ended abruptly when he forgot to duck an eight-hundred-pound side of frozen beef and went to hospital with concussion. Next came a brief stint in a marble yard and after that a job selling stoves on commission.

One day while playing tennis he met attractive Lillian McNish and her lawyer brother, J. D. McNish. Soon after, with their encouragement he decided to enter Osgoode Hall and complete his legal training. A month before he graduated he married Lillian and the following summer entered her brother's practice.

First A Family Doctor

He was still in love with the stage. In Scotland, as a member of the Mermaid Society of St. Andrews University, he had played a walk-on part in *She Stoops to Conquer*. Now he began to appear in Hart House productions at the University of Toronto. He played Mitrich, the old soldier, in Tolstoy's *Power of Darkness* so well that Andrew Allan says, "It was a performance I'll always remember, on any stage anywhere." He played in *Arms and the Man*. His performance as Casalonga, in *His Widow's Husband*, so impressed actress Judith Evelyn that she still calls him "Cas."

"Come to England, Cas, and be an actor," she once urged him. "You could make a thousand pounds the first year without even trying."

But by now Peddie had a family to support so he stayed in Toronto, a lawyer by day, an actor by night. Rupert Lucas, a producer and fellow actor, urged him to try radio which, in the early Thirties, paid an actor five dollars for a half-hour show. Peddie's first appearances before the mike were in a corny soap opera called *The Family Doctor*, followed by a long-winded but extremely popular serial, *Forgotten Footsteps*. Soon he was earning ten dollars for a half-hour program.

Gradually radio became the main source of Frank Peddie's livelihood. He had twice played the lead in the radio version of Lister Sinclair's *Socrates* when Jupiter Theatre, a newly formed Toronto drama group, decided to present the stage version last spring. Praised by critics and public alike, *Socrates* ran eight days to almost capacity houses, was the most successful of the Jupiter

Theatre offerings. Peddie's most treasured accolade came from his twenty-two-year-old son David who wrote in his college daily, "Frank Peddie playing Socrates was the standout of the play. He outdid even my expectations and I have known him all my life."

Peddie traces all his success to hard work. When he learned he was going to play *Macbeth* he got hold of a great heap of books, discussed the role interminably with anybody who would listen, studied his lines for weeks, then turned in a magnificent performance.

Although his attitude toward his work is serious enough to be termed austere, he has a volatile sense of humor. When an unscheduled crash interrupted a broadcast of *The Craigs* and Grace Webster frantically ad-libbed, "Did you drop something, Thomas?" Peddie calmly replied, "Yes, a piece of string." Once he set fire to Alice Hill's script while she was reading it (she just read faster).

Although on-stage he often shows signs of the nervous excitement, the color and vitality known as temperament, there's nothing Bohemian about Peddie. He doesn't wear a beard, he has no esoteric interests like stargazing, and it would never cross his mind to turn up for a business appointment or a social event in an old pair of pants and an unmatched jacket. He lives a pleasantly conventional life with his wife and two sons in a comfortable house on a good street in Toronto, where he listens to hockey games on the radio, reads philosophy and enjoys Burl Ives records. Lately he's taken a bedtime fancy for whodunits. This worries seventeen-year-old Jim Peddie, who has commented sadly to his mother, "I think Dad's got a good mind, but I'm afraid it's deteriorating with all those detective stories he's reading."

Lil Peddie likes gardening, bowling and golfing and cooking highly spiced curry dishes. She claims that all she does to further her husband's career is to save old clothes for some future tramp role, but Frank is apt to remark at the end of a radio show, "Well, I still have to meet my critics"—and go off home to find Lil and David and Jim, each with an individual opinion and point of view. "When we all agree we liked it, then he knows he was good," says Mrs. Peddie.

When his boys were small Frank discouraged their appearances on-stage or before the mike, feeling they'd miss a lot of fun and grow old too soon. He encouraged them to be independent, to work hard for what they wanted. Today David plans to make dramatic criticism his career and Jim toured Europe last season in the Upper Canada College production of *Our Town*. Peddie's sons have tremendous respect for his professional status. When Lil Peddie observed anxiously that Frank looked tired during the long *Socrates* run and murmured "Would you rather have stuck to your legal work?" young Jim was shocked. "Mother!" he exploded, "You're talking to an artist!"

During the summer, with many radio programs shelved, the Peddies can hurry off to their farm. Bought on an impulse a few years ago the place has two streams and a magnificent view. Their new log house, set on a high knoll, has an up-to-date bathroom, a Kelvinator in the kitchen, a fieldstone fireplace, and bedrooms with foam-rubber mattresses and electric blankets. The Peddies, though extremely sociable, invite few guests to the farm for, as Frank says, "I come up here to work not talk."

Peddie has drawn a map of the country around his house, and is going to plant fifteen different kinds of trees at specific spots. Already he and Lil have planted fifteen hundred Scotch pine and five hundred multiflora roses and built a bridge across one of the streams. They have a flock of fifty-eight sheep and have entered a small-scale partnership with a neighboring farmer, Frank providing the sheep, the neighbor the care.

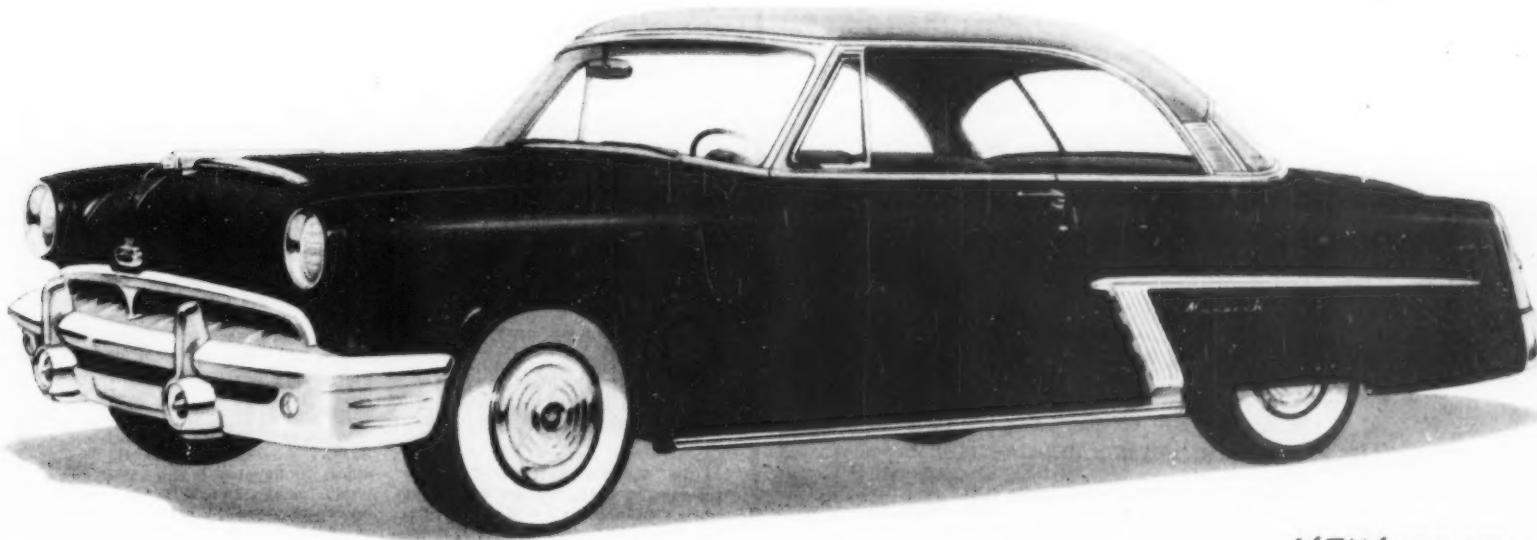
Picture Peddie then, on a quiet summer evening, sitting by his farmhouse window and gazing at the wavering tufted tops of his black-cherry trees. At such moments, cast simply as himself, he's probably as contented as a man can get. ★

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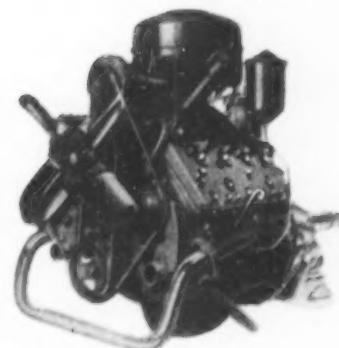
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CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



THE AFRICAN QUEEN: A gin-swilling tramp skipper (Humphrey Bogart) and an invincible old-maid missionary (Katharine Hepburn) battle their way past cataracts and enemy guns and a thousand jungle hazards to strike a blow for Britain against the Hun in 1914. The result, although considerably more melodramatic in spots than C. S. Forester's novel, is a vastly enjoyable movie directed by John Huston. It was filmed, of course, right in Africa.

THE BIG TREES: An unconvincing outdoor soap opera, with pseudospiritual overtones, about a ruthless lumber pirate (Kirk Douglas) who discovers his better self in the mighty forest.

BRIDE OF THE GORILLA: A rubber plantation yarn, badly in need of extensive patching and vulcanizing. It tells of a tropical cad (Raymond Burr) who has a curse put on him by a native witch and then gradually turns into an ape. Tarzan shouldn't worry.

HIGH NOON: Director Fred Zinnemann has put this superior western on film with stunning craftsmanship. There's quite a bit of disquieting cynicism about the responsibility of the individual citizen but also enough tension, pace and canny characterization to build up ever-increasing interest. Gary Cooper, as a lone-wolf marshal in a sick and cowardly town, almost breaks his heart trying to raise a posse against a band of killers.

MACAO: A stale Oriental whodunit about one of those smoldering torch singers (Jane Russell, in this case) whose male admirers are always up to their ears in homicide. Robert Mitchum, Brad Dexter and William Bendix are among the blokes thus haplessly involved.

THE MALTESE FALCON: Originally released in 1941, but now making the rounds all over again as a re-issue, this still rates as one of the very best crime-and-mystery jobs Hollywood has ever

offered. John Huston adapted it from Dashiell Hammett's suspenseful story about a golden bird and the violent deeds it provokes among the people who covet it. A honey of a movie.

MR. LORD SAYS "NO!": A retired Cockney workingman (Stanley Holloway) and his spunky shopkeeper wife (Kathleen Harrison) defy the whole ruddy Empire in refusing to let their little home be torn down to make room for the Festival of Britain. The story possibilities are rather thinly developed but some of the bureaucratic turmoil is pretty funny.

OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS: A sombre but compelling melodrama, based on a Joseph Conrad novel, about an exiled rotter (Trevor Howard) whose overpowering desire for an East Indies temptress soon leads to his ironic enslavement. Director Carol Reed expertly uses a fine cast and authentic backgrounds in this British film.

SYMPHONY OF LIFE: A musical from Soviet Russia. It has a number of lively and melodic moments, a Liszt concerto played with fiery virtuosity and some pleasant choral and solo singing. It also has several phony touches borrowed (unthinkably) from Hollywood, such as a huge invisible orchestra which mysteriously starts thundering while the soldier-pianist is playing in the battle area.

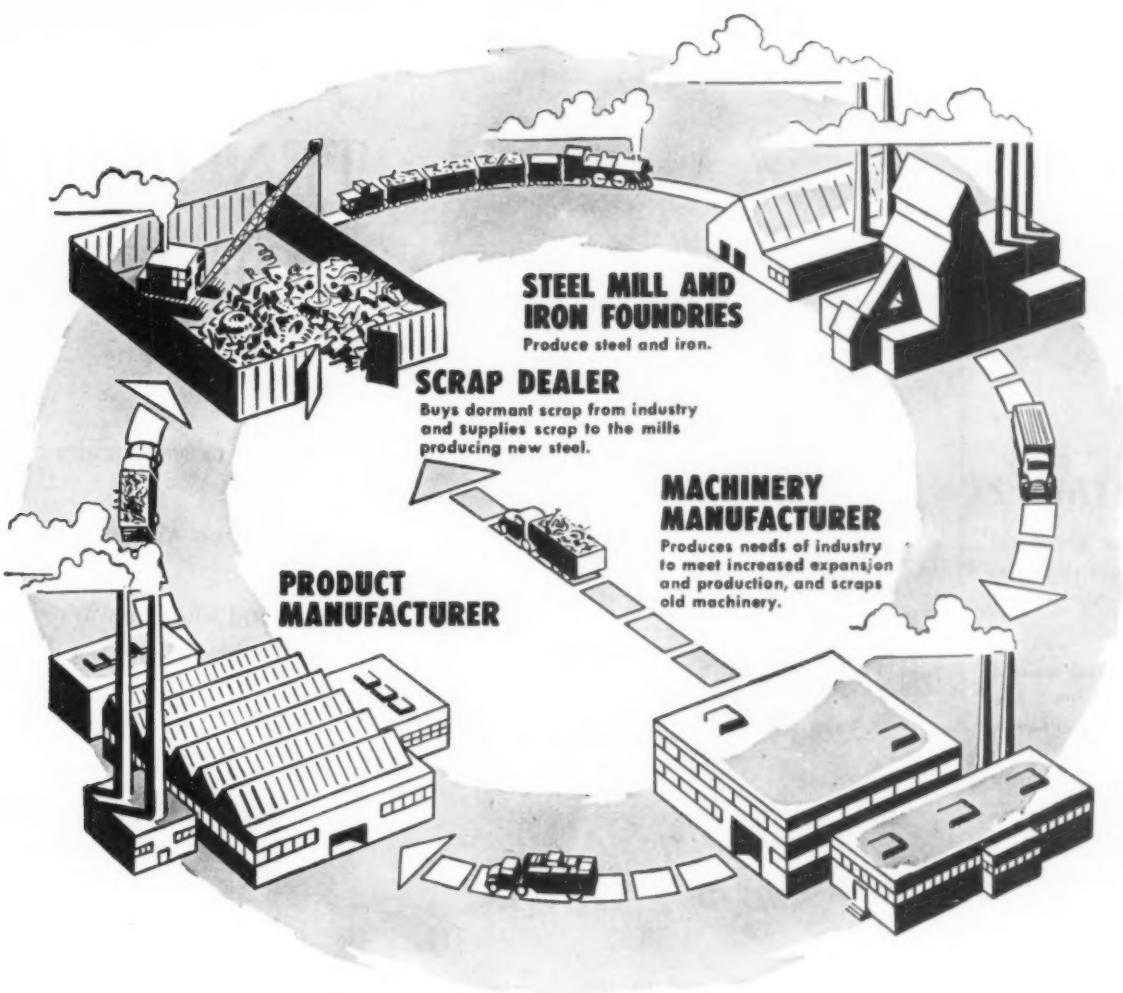
TEMBO: Howard Hill's exploits as a big-game hunter with a bow and arrow in Africa are certainly impressive, but the spoken commentary that goes with them is often dull and corny and the real "action" sequences are few and far between. A feature-length jungle travelogue, in color.

WALK EAST ON BEACON: As a documentary close-up of modern FBI techniques in trapping foreign spies, this picture packs a lot of punch. As a drama about human beings enmeshed in dangerous conspiracy, I find it somewhat less convincing.

GILMOUR RATES

An American in Paris: Musical. Tops.
Anything Can Happen: Comedy. Good.
Appointment With Venus: Military comedy (British). Good.
Battle of Apache Pass: Injuns. Fair.
Belles on Their Toes: Comedy. Fair.
Boots Malone: Turf drama. Excellent.
Deadline, U. S. A.: Press drama. Good.
Encore: Maugham "package." Good.
5 Fingers: Spy drama. Excellent.
Flesh and Fury: Boxing drama. Fair.
The Greatest Show on Earth: DeMille circus melodrama. Fair.
Here Come the Nelsons: Comedy. Fair.
High Treason: Spy drama. Fair.
His Excellency: Comedy-drama. Good.
Hong Kong: Melodrama. Fair.
Hoodlum Empire: Crime drama. Fair.
Hunted: British crime drama. Good.
Invitation: Marriage drama. Fair.
It's a Big Country: Eight stories. Fair.
I Want You: Family drama. Fair.
Lady Godiva Rides Again: Satirical British comedy. Good.
Lydia Bailey: Adventure. Good.
Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness comedy. Excellent.
Marrying Kind: Comedy-drama. Fair.
Les Misérables: Costume drama. Fair.

My Six Convicts: Comedy-drama. Good.
My Son John: "Message" drama. Fair.
Olympic Elk: Wildlife short. Good.
On Dangerous Ground: Drama. Fair.
People Against O'Hara: Crime. Good.
Phone Call From a Stranger: Comedy-drama. Good.
A Place in the Sun: Drama. Tops.
The Pride of St. Louis: Major-league baseball comedy. Good.
Quo Vadis: Bible spectacle. Good.
Retreat, Hell!: War drama. Fair.
Return of the Texan: Western. Good.
La Ronde: French satirical comedy for adults. Excellent.
Room for One More: Domestic comedy-drama. Good.
Rooty-Toot-Toot: Cartoon fable. Tops.
Royal Journey: Fact feature. Excellent.
Singin' in the Rain: Musical. Good.
Steel Town: Action romance. Fair.
Il Trovatore: Filmed opera. Good.
Unknown World: Science fiction. Poor.
Viva Zapata: Mexico drama. Good.
With a Song in My Heart: Musical biography. Excellent.
The Wild North: Mountain drama. Good.
You Can't Beat the Irish: Comedy. Fair.

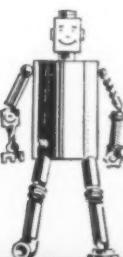


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TEN PERCENT OF WHAT?

What to leave under the plate,

or glass,

depends on what came in the plate,

or glass,

and whether you're at ease
in the higher mathematics

By WILLIAM FREDERICK MIKSCH

DRAWING BY JAMES HILL

THE CUSTOM of tipping is very old and very confusing. Let's take up the old business first.

The word tip probably comes from the Latin noun *tippula*, *tippulae*, meaning a water spider. If there was one thing that the inns of ancient Rome were noted for it was water spiders. Every time the Tiber overflowed its banks millions of these tiny insects were washed into restaurant cellars where they stayed on, nipping up to the main dining room now and then for a look at the customers. The customers, in turn, amused themselves between courses by capturing these *tippulae*, and imprisoning them under upturned goblets. Then when the waitress came to clear the table, she'd lift the goblet and out would hop scores of *tippulae* to give her the fright of her life. Thus *tippulae* (or tip, for short) came to mean "a surprise for the waitress."

Naturally any custom so quaint was bound to wind up in this country where it has undergone numerous refinements. In our early colonial tearooms of the 1920s it became the height of fashion to surreptitiously slide a dime in the shadow of a saucer's rim and then bolt for the door. But this pleasant custom almost wrecked our national slogan of Service With A Smile when a few unscrupulous diners began sneaking down such substitutes as nickels, Sesqui-Centennial Exposition souvenir buttons, and even pennies dipped in mercury to resemble dimes. It goes without saying that any waiter who carried away the dishes only to find a slightly bent streetcar token for his trouble was apt to be a trifle waspish with the next set of diners that sat down.

It called for sweeping reforms and the waiters were equal to the challenge. They began returning a customer's

change on little metal trays that brought the tipping ritual right out into the open and enabled a waiter to observe how much was lifted from the tray and what was left. If the amount left seemed inadequate the waiter could publicly shame the miscreant by standing over him and rattling the coin around on the tray until everyone else in the restaurant got the idea that a certain someone had just undetipped. Naturally this gave rise to the question, "What is an adequate tip?"

Answers were quickly forthcoming but far from satisfactory. "Not less than ten percent of the check," decreed one social arbiter. "At least fifteen percent and don't forget the bus boy," said another; to which someone else added, "A little extra gift of five dollars for the headwaiter does not seem ungenerous." It explains why celebrities photographed in the Stork Club never have anything on their table except a glass of water and an ash tray. They can't afford to eat because they've spent all their money on tips.

By now the confusion is staggering and no man can tell whether he is overtipping or undetipping. To hand a taxi driver a whole dollar bill and say, "Keep the change, Buster," may sound majestic. But if the taxi meter reads ninety-five cents, it is not majestic—nor will the driver think it very majestic either.

Even if one is clever at figuring out percentages how is that going to help in determining the size of a tip where no base amount is involved?

For example, what percentage of what does one give the elevator man at Christmas? Ten percent of your apartment rent? Ten percent of your income? Of his income? You don't even know his income, although I daresay if you did you mightn't give him anything. One way is to take the

floor you live on, times it by ten, and give him that many dollars tied up in a bright ribbon.

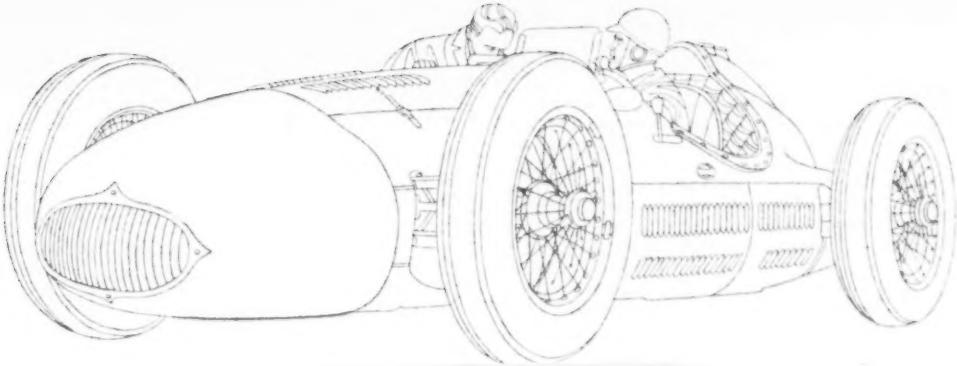
By what scale may one estimate a tip for the bellhop? One traveler I know weighs his suitcase each time he leaves home, then tips a base rate of a penny a pound to everyone who handles it. But then he always travels very light.

What about Pullman porters? Should they be tipped ten percent of your train fare or fifteen percent of the number which is painted on the locomotive?

And hat check girls? Well, you can tip them ten percent of the value of your hat, I suppose. Then after you've checked the hat ten times it will be fully depreciated and may be thrown away and deducted from your income tax. But what if you are wearing a topcoat and carrying an umbrella?

The whole business of tipping is the most complex practice yet devised by man and I see no solution unless the government steps in and stabilizes it. They could do this quite easily by minting up a batch of coins with no special value. Each coin, or token, would be the same size and bear some such snappy slogan as: "Take a tip from me, baby." Every citizen would be given a bushel of them to start with and they could be distributed one at a time for services rendered. They would become the standard, all-purpose, ever-ready tip for any occasion. Whenever a waitress collects say a half-ton of these coins she could turn them in to the Mint and receive a valuable premium like a set of dishes or a chenille bedspread.

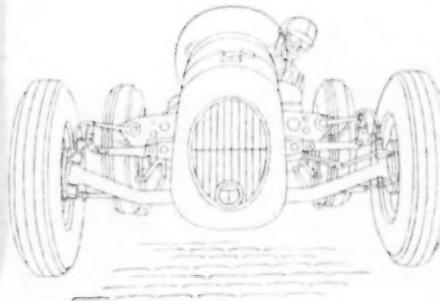
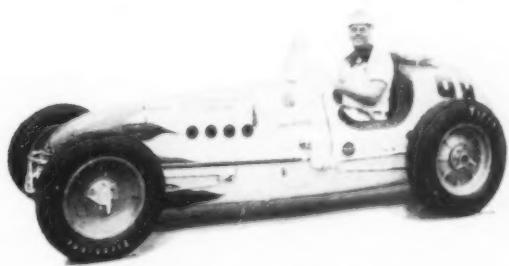
Never again would anyone have to wonder if he was leaving the correct tip. Nor would anyone be out of pocket but the government. And that's certainly nothing new for them. ★



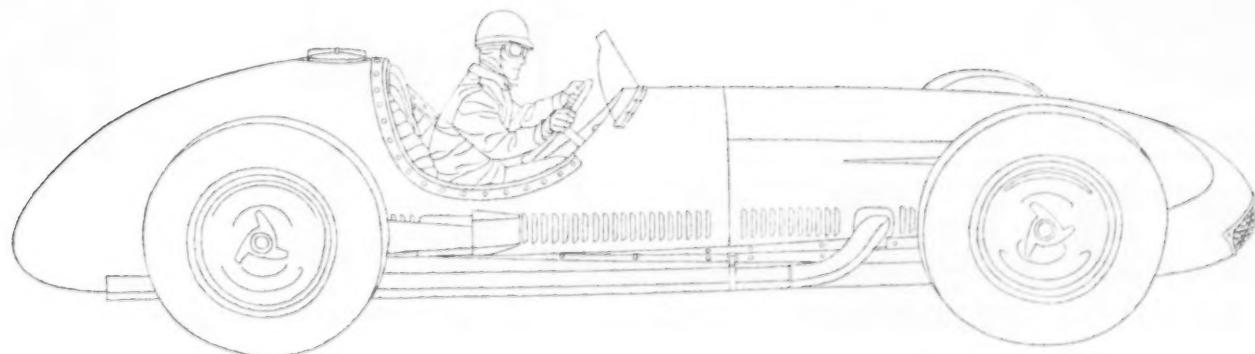
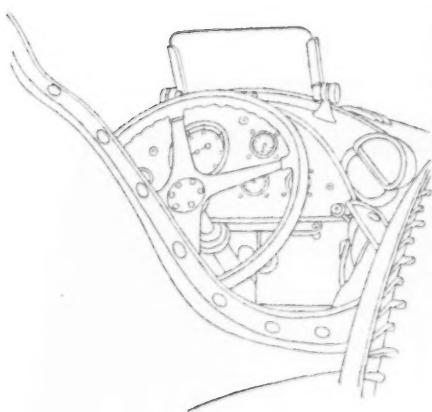
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Listen to the Mocking Bird

Continued from page 18

when it comes to gluing up a fiddle."

"Carefulness is a mighty good thing to practice," she said. "I'm careful about who I let inside my house after dark. If I didn't think you're a man of good character I'd never unlatched that door."

"Thank you, Mrs. Morgan," I said. "I do try to lead a good life." I didn't add that my idea of a good life was a good-time life. I was too busy admiring the Widow.

SHE HAD a pretty face, dark brown hair that one more dipping would have made black; and she had a sight of it coiled up on the nape of her neck. Her features were gentle, too, and she was of slight build, not a bit fat but yet enough meat in the right spots to make a man notice them places.

I admired her a spell, then turned to my fiddle. I fitted some odds and ends together while she watched. "You fond of fiddle music, Fiddler?"

"Reckon you could call it that, Mrs. Morgan. I like good music played by anybody and I'm especially partial to the music I bring out."

"Are you a good fiddler?"

"Well," I said, "I ain't one to go about bragging on myself but I'm as good as they come in Pistol County. Was like that when I was a mere lad of a boy. I been considered the king bee of fiddling ever since I was baptizing age." I decided against telling her that I skipped baptizing day at the river and never went back.

"Did you break your other fiddle?" she asked.

I frowned at that question. "Never had the good fortune to own a fiddle, Mrs. Morgan. When I was a little shaver I'd beg the loan of a fiddle. When the old fiddle players heard me rake the bow across the strings and bring out music you couldn't sit still to, it got to be so easy to borrow a fiddle that I never got around to owning one. But now that I'm pushing thirty years the fiddle owners act sort of backward about letting me use their fiddles." I could have told her that one night I borrowed Long Jim Kammer's fiddle, to go to Montgomery county and make music for a square dance, and before leaving home I slipped two pints of corn whiskey inside the fiddle case. Somehow or another the cork came out of one bottle and the whiskey took the varnish off Long Jim's fiddle. Made it look sort of mottled but I thought it had a better tone to it afterwards. Anyway, Long Jim spread word that I was a careless man with somebody else's fiddle and it got so that I couldn't get the loan of one anywhere.

"If you never owned a fiddle how did you learn to play one?"

"Oh, I just got the knack of making music. Some folks make money, others make a big name for themselves, still others make trouble. Me, I make music."

"It looks like you can make fiddles, too," she said.

"That's right. But it's a tiresome task. I ain't got a great deal to show for my time and trouble. Folks that claim I wouldn't strike a lick at a snake coiled to strike me ought to have seen me laboring on this fiddle. Took me a long time to even get the woods for it."

I spread my woods on the floor and said, "All that stuff grew in sight of my house. Only parts I bought was an ebony fingerboard, a set of strings and some fiddler's rosin. I even made a bow and strung it."

Now that bow was strung with horse-

hair. I didn't have a horse, just a trotting mule named Rhoady, and her tail hairs weren't to my notion to set in a bow. So I slipped over to old man Blalock's pasture and stripped a handful of hairs from his claybank's tail. That bow looked pretty as a picture when I finished with it.

"Seems to me you'd buy a fiddle rather than go to all that trouble," the Widow said.

"'Twas more a labor of love," I said. "This fiddle'll seem like a member of my family. I'll be prouder of it than I would of any store-bought fiddle."

She nodded. "I reckon I see how you feel, Fiddler. But didn't you get mighty tired?"

"Tired and lonesome both. I got so hungry for company that I near got in the habit of talking to myself. I'd talk to my tree dog, old Trailer, and answer for him. When I tended my mule I'd speak to her and answer myself back. Same way with me and my game rooster, Longstreet. I sure got powerful lonesome."

She looked down and said, "It ain't good for a person to stay lonesome all the time. I got a notion of how you felt."

"Why Mrs. Morgan!" I said. "Surely the young men ain't let a pretty girl like you grow lonely. If that's the case I don't know as I can say much for the young men of this settlement."

"That's the case," she said. "Oh, I had eyes made at me, all right enough, but 'twasn't the right ones made 'em. Just because I'm a widow ain't no reason I'll jump at the first pair of britches that comes along. And you needn't call me 'Mrs. Morgan.' Call me 'Sadie.'"

"That's a mighty pretty name, Mis' Sadie," I said.

We sat there, me tinkering with my woods and watching her out of the corner of one eye. She seemed to be in a study, frowning every so often and drawing her lips in tight. Put me in mind of a woman undecided whether to buy a piece of dress goods or not.

"You like this neighborhood, Mis' Sadie?" I asked.

"Can't say as I do, Fiddler, and can't say as I don't. I'm trying to make up my mind whether to stay here or go back to Howell County."

"No sense in doing that, Mis' Sadie.

This'd be a powerful dull community with you not here."

"You really feel that way, Fiddler?"

I wasn't paying her much mind, being busy with my glue job, so I said, "Why surely. 'Twould throw a plumb permanent shadow over this neck of the woods."

She smiled then. "I'm proud to hear you say that, Fiddler."

"Oh, I been thinking that for a long time, Mis' Sadie. Just never had a chance to tell you. I never was a person to knowingly speak out of turn."

"La, Fiddler! You just don't speak much at all. These are the first words I've had with you since the funeral."

Now I always had been loose-tongued, and it tickled me that she thought I was careful with words. So I smoked and let her talk. The time slipped away right pertly and before I knew it it was high time I was leaving.

"I better be getting on, Mis' Sadie, before I wear my welcome out," I said.

She looked at the clock on the mantel and said, "Well, bless my soul, here 'tis half after eleven! I ain't been up this late in no telling how long."

"I'll leave my bundle of woods here, if it's all right with you. No sense in me totting it up and down the big road."

"I'll take good care of it, Fiddler," she said.

"Then good night, Mis' Sadie, and pleasant dreams."

She held the door open to light me down the steps. "Good night, Fiddler. I'll expect you tomorrow night."

IIDLED around my place the next day, impatient for daylight to end. Finally the shadows got long and I made ready to visit the Widow. I spruced up some, shaving and putting on some socks. Then I set out down the road, walking in the side ditch to keep out of the dust.

The Widow took me in the house and brought out the scraps I'd glued together the night before and had me try the joints. I pulled and twisted, tugged and jerked, and the seams held. Didn't give a particle and was such a close fit that it took a sharp eye to see where the wood ended and the glue commenced. I was mightily pleased.

I took up my woods, petted them a little and set to work. A man can't rush a fiddle-making job so after gluing



a couple pieces together I quit for the night and sat back and admired the Widow.

"Fiddler," she said, "I hear tell that you're the best all-around musician in these parts."

I nodded and said, "I reckon it's a fact, Mis' Sadie."

"You know anything about organ music?"

"Mis' Sadie, I'm a ear and note musician both. I ain't able to read big words but I can read all kinds of music. I can play a fiddle, a five-string banjo, a mandolin, a guitar, a mouth harp, a jew's-harp, and an organ."

"Well, Fiddler, come in the parlor and play for me."

She led the way into her parlor and I followed. It was a fine room, shut up tight so the daylight wouldn't fade the furnishings. I pulled out the organ stool and spun it down a few turns so I could get my long legs under the keyboard and at the pedals. The piece Mis' Sadie wanted me to play was Jeanie With The Light Brown Hair. I propped the book open and pumped up some pressure. One glance showed that it was an easy tune. I moved into it gentle like, sort of in key with the words. When I got to the part about "many were the wild notes" I pulled out a couple of stops and let the wild notes pour. It ended up with me playing until nearly midnight.

When I started to leave she said, "Fiddler, I really enjoyed this night. I'm looking forward to tomorrow night, and I have an idea. Since you can't read words too good I'll read to you while you work. And since I can scarcely read music you can play for me when you finish your work. You think that a fair trade?"

"Anything I can trade for a moment with you, Mis' Sadie, is a trade to my own advantage," I said. "I treasure every moment with you more than I would silver or gold."

It was then, I reckon, that she marked me for her own. She moved up so close that we almost touched, raised her face and tilted it to one side a shade. She had a glow in her pretty eyes and her mouth was soft-looking. I didn't mean to but I took her in my arms and kissed her. I held her tight and kissed her hard. It was a long kiss and all I could stand. I broke away and stumbled toward the steps. I never even said good night. I was almost home before I got my wits back. Then I was sick of the whole affair.

INSTEAD of going in to bed I sat on my front porch and smoked. It was a pretty night, hot and still, with a quick plug of breeze every now and then. I must have disturbed a mockingbird, for one started singing. He poured out a rigmarole of calls and notes that would have been sweet music ordinarily. But I was in a sour humor. "Sing on, you feathered fool," I said. "Rupture your craw if you're a mind to. Won't 'suage my feelings the slightest."

Old Trailer came out from under the house and lumbered up beside me, wagging his tail. "A fine watchdog you turn out to be, you old yard sleeper," I said. "Sit at home taking it easy and let me get involved with a marrying widow."

I sat there and brooded, smoking steady. "And there ain't a danged thing I can do about it. You and me and Longstreet and Rhoady might as well make up our minds to shift the best we can for ourselves."

But after a few more puffs I felt better. I patted old Trailer and said, "Don't you worry, hound. I'll find us a way yet."

I knew I couldn't up and jilt the Widow. Such things can get a man

in trouble down in Pistol County. I've known men to be tarred and feathered for less. But I had a notion that I had about as much sense as the Widow, and a sight less principle.

The next night she met me at the steps and grabbed both my hands in hers. "Seemed like this day'd never pass, Fiddler."

"I been on needles and pins today myself," I said. "How'd my woods make out?"

She looked like I'd dashed a gourd of cold water in her face but she managed a smile. "I think they made

a permanent union, Fiddler. Come in and see for yourself."

I shivered at her use of words but I went in. I checked my work and found it to be all I could ask for. It looked like it was carved from one piece, except for the difference in color of the woods. I set to work on the job I'd tasked myself with for the night. Mis' Sadie got out her Bible and read a few passages pertaining to taking a wife and peopling the earth. Then she took up a book about old Greek and Roman folks. She sat in her little rocker and rocked while she read about

a fellow named Amphion. Seemed like he was a handy man with a stringed instrument called a lyre. In fact, he was such a good hand on his lyre that he once built a wall by making lyre music. The music was so sweet that the stones couldn't keep still and they up and moved into place in the wall of their own accord. Imagine a man building a stone wall that way! I had my doubts about the truth of that tale but I never let on to Mis' Sadie how I felt. However, the story of that fellow sort of hung in my mind.

Continued on page 34

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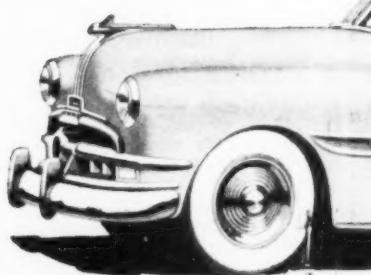
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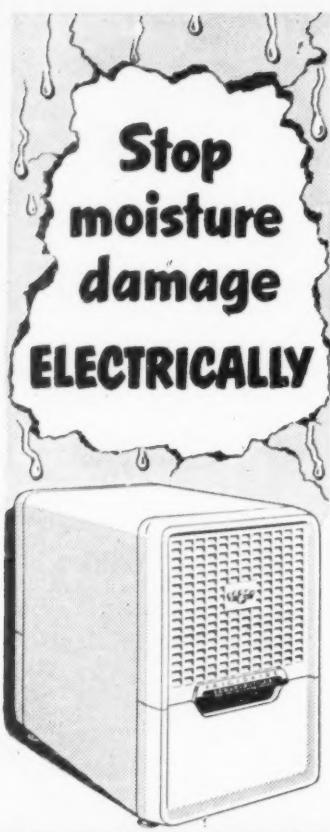
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Continued from page 31

Shortly after she finished her story I finished work for the night and we went into the parlor. Mis' Sadie sat on the sofa and I sat beside her. I tried to hold her in my arms but she wouldn't let me. But I managed to hold her hand. Her fingers twined with mine but my conversation seemed to lack a penetrating quality against her silence.

Finally I said, "Seems like that kiss last night was only a dream. Too good to be true, yet it was a real happening. Or was it?"

She sighed and said, "Yes, Fiddler, I let you kiss me last night. And I've been worrying about it all day. I reckon I went ahead when I ought to have held back."

The lamp light and her violet perfume made me a shade giddy headed so instead of agreeing with her I said, "What do you mean?"

She kept twisting her hands in mine and kept her eyes lowered. "Fiddler, a woman ain't got no call to let a man kiss her unless there's an understanding between them."

I knew she was leading me out on treacherous ground but I let her toll me on a ways against my better judgment. "Why, Mis' Sadie, I thought we understood each other!"

She moved closer and turned her head away. She spoke mighty low and I had to strain toward her to make out what she said. "When a man comes a-kissing of a widow he means he's seeking to wed her, or else." She sobbed and then breathed, "And I ain't the 'else' kind of a person."

She spun around so quick that I couldn't dodge and the first thing I knew our lips were almost touching. Her mouth drew mine same as a lodestone draws metal. After that I was bound to promise her anything.

On my way home it came to me that I'd asked her her hand in matrimony. I remembered that she'd agreed, too. I worried some before I went to sleep, and a whole lot the next day.

It was like that until I finished my fiddle. Daytimes I'd worry about what a reckless fool I was at night; and nights I'd push them foolish fears aside and court the Widow. We didn't exactly set a date but she let out word that there would be a day when we'd get wedded.

Then one night I went down to the Widow's and tested the last of the fiddle joints. I took the strings, put them on and drew them tight. I didn't bring my bow because I wanted to be in my own house and all by myself when I tested my new fiddle. In case it didn't play well I aimed to be the only one that knew it. So I let her admire the fiddle and even let her heft it once to see how well balanced it was.

Then I said I had to get off home and put the bow to it. She tried to get me to go fetch the bow but I wouldn't hear to that. I tried to explain but she didn't understand, for she acted a little skittish when I left.

I hurried home, lit my lantern and turned the wick almost to smoking point. After I rosined the bow and slipped the fiddle under my chin I knew I'd made a rare fiddle. I patted my foot a couple of times to get a rhythm set and then laid the bow to the strings. The first bars of Ida Red sounded so good that I had to get up and stand. I played it up high and then dropped down and played it in a lower key, like expert fiddlers are supposed to. I switched to L'il Liza Jane and stepped the time up. I had the feel this time for sure and when I finished I up and cut a buckwing there on the bare floor.

I was plumb taken away with that fiddle. It was a thing of beauty, and

just to my notion as to weight. A man could tuck that fiddle under his chin and fiddle until his arms gave out from pulling the bow. I wouldn't have loaned out my fiddle for a king's ransom.

I took my fiddle to the front porch and sat down on the top step and fiddled softly, but all the time I was thinking to one side of my mind. With that fiddle I ought to win the Old-Time Fiddlers' Convention at Center the next month. I'd never won it because I'd never had a fiddle to enter it with. That hundred-dollar prize would come in mighty handy. I'd always fiddled around and never put in a crop so I was always short of cash, no matter the season. Longstreet kept me in pocket money during the cockfighting season, but that was a long ways off. I didn't have two coins to clink together.

I played some burial hymns and worried. I racked my brain until away over in the morning, and toward daylight I saw one hope for me. A lot depended on my new fiddle but I had a sight of confidence in that instrument. I went to bed feeling middling easy.

THE next morning I slapped a sack of straw on Rhoady as a padding between me and her hard back and rode her to Center, about five miles from my place. I rode her up to the hitching rack behind Dugan's Hardware and hitched her. Then I headed for the Chronicle's office.

The editor and owner of the Chronicle was a fellow named Hercules Hughey, and he was backing the Old-Time Fiddlers' Convention. He was a puny little fellow with muscles unable to do much except lift a drink to his big mouth. He was a good enough fellow, I reckon, except for his drinking. But he had some system to his drinking. He refused to drink before noon. He was a bachelor and bragged that he had too much sense to ever get married.

I went in the office and found Herk checking the wall clock against the turnip he carried in his vest pocket. He went by the fastest one in the morning when he was wanting a drink. He squeaked around in his swivel chair and said, "Hello, Fiddler. You wanting to pay up that subscription you been owing so long?"

"Nope, Herk. Even if that paper was to come out on time it wouldn't be worth the price you set on it. What I come here for is to enter that fiddling contest. I got my dollar entrance fee and I want you to put my name down."

Herk reached out his hand and said, "Let me see your dollar."

I slipped a limp bill into his still limper hand and he pocketed both. "That makes an even thirty fiddlers that think they can beat old Bill Wilkerson out of his title."

"When I take up my bow you'd better have your ears cleaned out," I told him.

"I've heard that you got some musical talent, Fiddler, but I ain't got any proof of it. Just hearsay, and a good editor never pays the slightest mind to hearsay, unless that's all he's got to go on. I wish you well but you got to convince them judges, not me. I'm after a houseful of spectators and a gang of fiddlers. Ain't got the slightest sentiment about who wins, loses or draws."

I drummed my fingers on the shelf that rested on the partition between Herk's office and the waiting room. "How about doing me a small favor, Herk?"

"I ain't got a drop that I could loan without d'saccommadating myself," he said.

"It ain't that, Herk. This favor is



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something I wouldn't ask everybody to do."

"What is it?" Herk asked.

"Well, it's hard to put into words. I sort of got an understanding with the Widow, Mis' Sadie Morgan, to get wedded. But she's a powerful sad woman. She's that way by nature. If she'd enter into a joyous occasion it'd do her a power of good. Now I'm bringing her to the fiddling contest and to the square dance afterwards. What I got in mind is that if I could get a man I trust to dance with her it might lift her spirits some."

Herk jumped to his feet. "Deal me out right there, Fiddler! I ain't got time nor patience with females. I might dance a set or two at the square dance if there happens to be a trained bear there that can skip. But not with no woman! That's my final answer."

I acted as if I hadn't heard him. "Mis' Sadie is cute as any play-pretty you ever saw, plump in the places that call for substance, mass of lovely hair and a face you can't forget. If you see her acting interested in the dance I'd be mighty beholden to you if you'd play a set with her. Besides, she thinks mighty well of you. You seen her lately?"

Herk frowned at me. "Not since the funeral. Young woman, ain't she?"

I nodded. "Some younger than me, and a pure simple maid. Pretty, like I said, and the best cook within thirty miles. Patient woman, too. Tolerates a man's faults like she understands."

Herk checked the time and said, "Ain't no such woman ever drawed breath. You're just moon-struck on that widow. But I might play a set with her. I reckon she's light on her feet!"

"Same as a feather in a whirlwind," I said. "Well off, too. Hopping Jack left her fixed for life."

Herk stared at me like he was thinking hard. "Pleasing to the eye and well fixed, huh? How did a shiftless, cockfighting fiddler like you manage to turn her head?"

"Oh, I ain't so shiftless, Herk. Me and Longstreet manage to win our share of the purse and I ain't been outfiddled yet. I ain't so bad-looking, neither."

Herk straightened his stringy tie and said, "They's other men your equal in looks, Fiddler, and when you drop that Longstreet against something besides a Dominecker-Leghorn cross you'll be more than apt to pick up a dead bird. Not only that, but when you sit down in competition against Uncle Bill Wilkerson your bloodshot eyes may be pried open a fraction of an inch about that so-called fiddling talent you think you got."

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," I quoted and turned to go. At the threshold I looked back. "Can I count on you to lift Mis' Sadie's spirits?"

He was leaning on his desk, looking like a beetle deciding whether to come out of his hole or not. "I ain't making no rash promises, Fiddler. Got to see the Widow without her weeds first. Might ask her to skip, then again I might not. I just ain't saying."

I WENT out and mounted Rhoady and left Center in a gallop. We made good time and got to Mis' Sadie's a little past noon. She met me at the porch and said, "Well, Fiddler, what brings you here this time of a day?"

"Dropped by to invite you to go to the Old - Time Fiddlers' Convention with me. Went down to Center and entered myself this morning. More than likely I'll win it and I'd be proud to have you by my side when they award me the grand prize."

She smiled and said, "I'd be tickled

to go along with you, Fiddler."

I sighed, real loud, and said, "I was afraid you'd made other plans. This sure is a relief to me. I was afraid he'd beat me to the draw."

She frowned and said, "What do you mean, Fiddler? Who are you talking about?"

"Why, that Herk Hughey, that's who. Old dried-up rascal's got a notion he can shine up to you. Been telling all over Center how pretty you are. Said he was a mind to claim you for his'n. I was tempted to flog him, only I was afraid."

"You, afraid of little Herk Hughey?"

I waved a hand to one side. "Nope, not afraid of him exactly, but you know he's a joiner. Belongs to every organization in town except the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Ladies' Bible Class. He's a man of importance and folks usually ask his opinion before undertaking anything that calls for foresight. All the women in Center fawn on him but I hear he don't pay them the slightest mind. So it ain't Herk that I fear. It's the power he might have to sway easily influenced people. Could be that he'd drop an

unkind word here and there and undermine me with a lot of folks, including you. I couldn't abide that, Mis' Sadie."

She fluttered her hands and said, "La, Fiddler, you're the one that does your own undermining."

"I'll show you a good time when Herk forks over a hundred of his old rusty dollars," I said. "I wish that first prize was a thousand, so's he might begin to miss it."

"Is he backing the contest?" she asked.

"Surely, surely. Herk's behind that affair lock, stock and barrel. He'll pick

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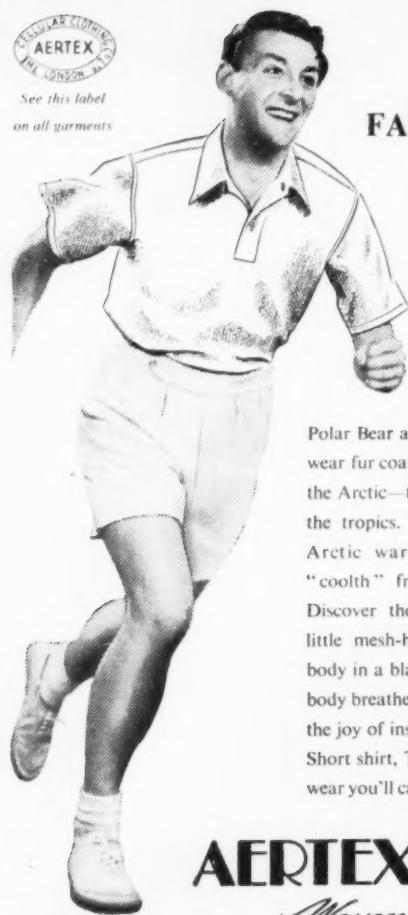
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up several hundred dollars profit that night but it won't be more than a drop in the bucket to him. He's got money in the bank that's moldering and drawing a sound six percent at the same time. I'm mighty lucky you seen fit not to listen to his sweet wiles and honey drippings. But I got to be going. I'll pick you up the night of the Convention."

When I drove by for the Widow she was decked out in a pink dress that set her off well. She was perfumed with a cape jessamine odor, and the night being still and hot, an uncautious man might have spoken reckless words to her on account of that relaxing odor. But I talked about the contest.

WHEN we got to Center I led the Widow into the hall where the contest was to be held and got her a front row seat. Then I went backstage to tune up. There were about thirty fiddlers already there and they greeted me when I came in. "Never thought I'd live to see the day you owned a fiddle so's you could enter this affair," one fellow called. "Uncle Bill heard you was entered so he practiced all day yesterday, just in case your fiddle'll play," another said. Still another called, "I sure am surprised to see you with a fiddle that's legally your'n. Or does it belong to a certain sod widow?"

"It's mine and it'll play all right," I said. Then I rosined my bow and sat back and waited. It wasn't long until Herk led us on the stage and seated us according to our names. I was the last one, being the only Y in the gang. Herk placed a chair in the very middle of the rostrum for each fiddler to sit in as he strove to win the prize. The hall was jam packed with folks come to hear good old hoedown music. Everybody was keyed up, musicians and spectators, too.

After we were seated Herk stepped to the front of the stage and cleared his throat. He was a good two thirds drunk and his usually sallow face had a flush to it. He was right handsome, in a way, standing up there in his scissored-tailed coat. The folks couldn't see his bloodshot eyes on account of the flickering lantern light, and they were too far back to smell his breath. He cleared his throat again and said, "Friends, we are about to start our eighth annual Old-Time Fiddlers' Convention. We have thirty-two men here to compete against our seven-time, and defending, champion, Uncle Bill Wilkerson." The folks cheered and Uncle Bill, who was sitting beside me, got up and waved his fiddle, striking me a sharp blow on the ear as he did so. I reckon he feared me and would mighty well like to addle me.

Herk held up his hands for silence and when the cheering stopped he said, "Each man is allowed to play his tune twice, unless he draws so much applause that it is by popular request that he be allowed to play more. And don't forget the big square dance to be held right here in this hall as soon as the fiddling contest is over. Right now we start off with Pete Adams and his fiddle. The tune is Soldier's Joy. Let 'er roll, Pete!"

Pete was a fair fiddler but nothing to listen to twice. He got a small round of claps when he finished, but no cheers. Then Bud Almond tried his hand with Cindy. It went on down the line like that. The fellows put out some good fiddling but nothing to make Uncle Bill nor me feel uneasy. Finally it got down to just the two of us. Uncle Bill was to play, then me.

Herk got up to introduce Uncle Bill and while he was bragging on him I leaned over and whispered, "Listen to that praise and store it up in your heart, you old goat, for it's the last

praise you're apt to ever hear about your fiddling. Then go up and try to play. I ain't had a good laugh since the last time I seen you tangled up with your bow."

He glared at me and stalked up to take his seat. He put his fiddle under his chin, patted his foot and nodded his head in time. Then he sailed into Old Joe Clark. Uncle Bill was a prime fiddler and that night he was at his best. Before he finished folks all over the hall were patting their feet in time with him. When he finished a roar of applause burst out and overran the place. So he kept his seat and played his tune again.

He was finishing his sixth try at the piece when Herk motioned that he'd played long enough. Herk shook Uncle Bill's hand and congratulated him, figuring like nearly everybody else that Uncle Bill was still champion.

Herk introduced me then. "The next, and last contestant, is a fiddler known by all. In fact, his given name is Fiddler. I present Fiddler Yow, playing Listen To The Mocking-Bird, Play, Fiddler!"

I WENT to the front but I didn't sit down. I faced the crowd and said, "I never was one to sit still when real fiddle music was in the air, so I'll just stand to start with."

I raised my fiddle and poised the bow, patting out my time with my right foot, and then I made the high strings sing. I went through it in the treble and hit a few bird calls that sounded like the genuine old mocker himself. By that time the crowd was spellbound. Then I switched to a lower key and did it again. Folks began to clap, stomp, whistle and shout. I didn't wait for Herk's signal but went ahead and ran through it the third time. My fiddle was talking so sweet that half a dozen fellows stepped out in the aisle and danced a jig. One of the fellows whooped real loud while making his step.

When I finished Herk never waited for the judges' decision. He rushed to me and raised my hand same as if I was a prize fighter. "The new champion fiddler," he yelled, "Fiddler Yow! Give the new fiddling king a big cheer, folks!"

They cheered me for a fare-you-well. I had my back patted, my hand shook, and my feet stepped on. Herk gave me a hundred dollars and I put it in my purse, put the purse in my pocket and fastened the pocket with a safety pin. I felt mighty good.

After things quieted down Herk had the constable clear the hall of males. Then Herk set about selling them tickets to get back in for the square dance. In less than thirty minutes the hall was filled again. They cleared away a space for dancing, leaving a ring of chairs along the walls. The rostrum was crowded with chairs, too, for it was a good spot for the old folks and young'uns to watch the dancing from. The hall had a hardwood floor, which was good for dancing.

While the dancers were pairing off I picked my musicians, as all fiddling kings are allowed to do. I picked Big Thumb Lanning as my lead guitar player. He never used a pick on his guitar strings, just his thumb and fingers. I chose Tite Lee as my banjo player, him being hard to beat on that instrument. I picked Little Ed Honeycutt and his mandolin, for I knew he wouldn't get too loud and try to steal the lead. I let Joe Lilly come in with his bass fiddle, feeling the need for some good bass slaps in my band. Last man I took in was Kize Palmer, a jug player. Kize doubled on the jew's-harp while catching his breath from blowing in the jug. It was a nice band.

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"The cat upset my bottle of Mid-Nite Madness."

We got seated and tuned up. I got a chair for the Widow and seated her right beside me on the front edge of the rostrum. I'd noticed that she'd kept a close watch on Herk, and he kept eying her when he thought she wasn't looking. All that was mighty good.

Leroy Biggers was calling the dance and he started out in fine style. The dancers had good music to skip to and Leroy led them through a nice set. Herk edged up close to the Widow so I reached out my patting foot and tapped her across her tight shoes. She drew her feet back and I patted my foot under her chair and kicked her feet out in the open where I could get at them again. I patted them a hard lick and she drew them away up under her chair, smiling a little, hard smile all the time. Now when I'm fiddling I never keep my feet still so folks didn't think it unusual when I kept patting my foot around like that. I knew I was hurting the Widow's corne but I never spared her a single pang. It looked like she was keeping time with the music, the way she was drawing her feet in and out. Her color got brighter, too, a real rosy pink.

When Herk saw her slick footwork and the pretty flush in her cheeks he came over and asked her to dance. She agreed quick enough and they paired off. That was when I really made my fiddle talk. I put so much feeling into the music that for a spell Leroy was so busy clapping and stomping that he forgot to call the figures. But the dancers didn't seem to miss him. They danced on the best I ever saw. Herk and the Widow skipped like a pair of colts. I never dreamed Herk had it in him to carry on like that.

I was fiddling in earnest but I could still hear Leroy yelling every now and then. "Chase the rabbit, chase the squirrel, chase that pretty girl 'round the world . . . Big foot up, little foot down, swing that pretty girl 'round and 'round . . . Next couple out . . . Swing her high, swing her low, turn her loose and on you go . . . Right hands across . . . Swing your own and on you go!"

I never in my life saw such a flurry of dancing. Even old Leeper Willis, ninety-odd years old, grabbed Miss Sukie Duke, an old maid way in her sixties, and made her skip down the hall and back with him. He put in a few extra steps that looked pretty good. I knew then that I was doing a real fiddling job for Leeper made out that he'd had a bellyful of women thirty years ago.

THERE was a short intermission after that dance but the Widow didn't return to her place beside me.

She let Herk lead her to a chair and they stayed there and talked. Herk leaning over the back of her chair. Leroy signaled that it was time to strike up the band again so we tore into Skip To My Lou. But Herk and the Widow didn't get up to dance. They didn't seem to realize that there was anybody else in the place but the two of them. And about halfway through that dance I figured the time was ripe to call Herk's hand.

I stopped fiddling and leaped to my feet. "I've had all I can stand," I yelled, jumping from the rostrum to the dance floor. I went toward Herk and the Widow, taking long, slow strides, and when I got there I pointed a finger at him and bellowed. "So you try to steal my woman the instant I turn my back, eh? Me up there making music and you down here whispering in my love's ear. Ain't you got no respect for a betrothal?"

Since he was backed up against the wall Herk stood his ground and said, "Any woman that gets betrothed to the likes of you needs counsel. That's what I been giving her. Good, plain, common-sense counsel."

I turned to the Widow and said, "That right, Mis' Sadie? He ain't been trying to come between us?"

"There ain't a blessed thing between me and you, Mr. Yow," she said, "that Mr. Hughey could upset. All you love is that fiddle, and you can take it and go! I'm able to choose my gentlemen friends and I feel that Mr. Hughey is a gentleman and a friend."

"That's right," Herk said, "and I feel that this little lady needs a gentleman of my calibre to look after her."

I think he meant to say, "look after her tonight," but I didn't let him finish. I turned to the crowd and bawled, "You all heard her give me the run-around for this dried-up rat, and you all heard him say that he thought he ought to look after and protect her, now didn't you?" Several folks nodded and I went on. "Then you've seen a man jilted just when he felt secure for the first time in his life. I doubt if I ever get over this. Same as if a knife was stabbed into my vitals. Same pain, just less blood this way."

I picked up my fiddle, turned and stumbled away, trying not to go too fast. On my way out I heard a woman murmur, "I feel sorry for the poor boy."

After I got outside I hid until the crowd left. The fit I'd flung broke up the dance and inside of thirty minutes everybody was gone but me. Then I hitched Rhoady to the buggy and headed for home.

I let her set her own pace while I fondled my fiddle and whistled. When we got to the Widow's place I pulled Rhoady to a halt. There was a horse and buggy hitched in the yard, and a light in the parlor. I knew Herk was in there. I wondered how he liked her perfume and the way her hair tickled a fellow's face. In a way I sort of envied him.

Then I rapped Rhoady with the lines and she lit into a trot. I fell to thinking about my new fiddle and the crown I'd won. I started whistling and patting my foot. The night looked mighty good to me, all warm and quiet. It was a night for a free man to enjoy.

I pulled Rhoady to a halt and let old Trailer get in the buggy, since he'd followed me to town and back and was bound to be tired. "Hound," I said, "I knew all along that if that Greek could fiddle himself a wall out of loose rock I could fiddle me one down. I'm free as a jaybird tonight, no wall around me." Then I unlatched the fiddle case and fiddled all the way on home. ★

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They Want the Unwanted

Continued from page 17

depending on the age of the child. Before leaving for their rooms the youngsters all kiss *Mon Oncle* and *Ma Tante*. Bedtime can be a crucial period for a disturbed child. One five-year-old came to Le Flambeau terrified of being in the dark. For six weeks Truus had to be with him until, at midnight, exhausted, he would fall into a deep sleep. His fears gradually left him.

Everything is shared by everyone. Whenever a child receives a gift parcel he scrupulously divides it with the others. Each of the older children has a garden patch; when the crops ripen they take turns feeding the family with their produce. In the summer months the boys load the station wagon with strawberries, carrots, corn, tomatoes, and peddle them from door to door to the cottagers at nearby Brome Lake. Each child receives a five-percent commission on what he sells.

Often the children turn back their savings into the farm. Recently Louis and Donald accumulated sixty-five dollars and purchased Pete, a light brown horse. "We can use him to do the raking while the other two horses are busy mowing," they said.

Although Le Flambeau opened its doors only four years ago its history actually stems from the early ambitions of its founders. Dirk Vandervalk was born in The Hague fifty-three years ago. His grandfather and father were pastors in the Dutch Reformed Church but Dirk's interest lay in landscape gardening and he graduated from the Boscoop Horticultural School. At twenty-four he came to Canada. After working as a farm hand in Ontario and Saskatchewan he ended up in Vancouver as a landscape gardener.

One day he heard a sermon by a visiting Baptist preacher from Texas. The evangelist so inspired him he decided to enter the ministry. With only a few dollars he hitchhiked to the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, near Fort Worth, Texas, and enrolled as a student. Getting up at 4:30 a.m., taking part-time jobs, he graduated from the seminary and also earned a BA from Baylor University. Today he describes his religious affiliation as "interdenominational."

After Dirk's return to Canada the director of the Baptist Home Missions assigned him to a parish in New Brunswick because of his knowledge of French. Two years later he went to Paris for further study. There he met the attractive Truus.

She was the daughter of a well-to-do Rotterdam organ and piano dealer. Although she had lived with her six brothers and sisters in a fifteen-room red-brick house which was served by three maids, she was brought up frugally and with a sense of responsibility for people in less fortunate circumstances. She had a burning desire to do welfare work. She worked in a children's centre for a year teaching handicrafts, then got permission to join a mission in the slums of Paris. Part of her territory was La Zone Noire, an area of muddy alleys and dilapidated shacks, overrun with white rats.

Dirk and Truus were married in 1935 and soon he brought her to Canada.

He was given a pulpit in Shédiac, N.B. The depression was still dragging on and Dirk felt uncomfortable about his regular income—eighteen dollars a week. What he and Truus must do became clear when a hollow-eyed girl of six came to their back door begging food: they would start a food kitchen for children.

A Moncton department store, a sawmill proprietor and a farmer in the neighborhood pitched in to help the Vandervalks get the equipment and food that was needed. Within a week the soup kitchen opened.

Each noon eighteen school children trooped into the Vandervalk kitchen for a large bowl of thick meat soup, several slices of bread and a cup of milk. On a few occasions when lack of funds meant changing the menu to vegetable soup, a leg of beef was mysteriously left at their door. "We've never asked for money," says Truus. "We believe that if you are doing good work you will be helped."

In 1948 the Vandervalks and their own two children, Gerald and Louis, came to Montreal. What they had seen convinced them that a shelter for unwanted children was needed urgently. With their meagre savings and the encouragement of other church people they made a down payment on a vacant soldiers' barracks at Delson, fifteen miles south of Montreal. Finding out the Vandervalks' plan, a retired Montreal real-estate dealer, J. E. Wilder, thought he might be able to find a more suitable place. Soon after, he phoned Truus excitedly, "I've found it! I've found it!"

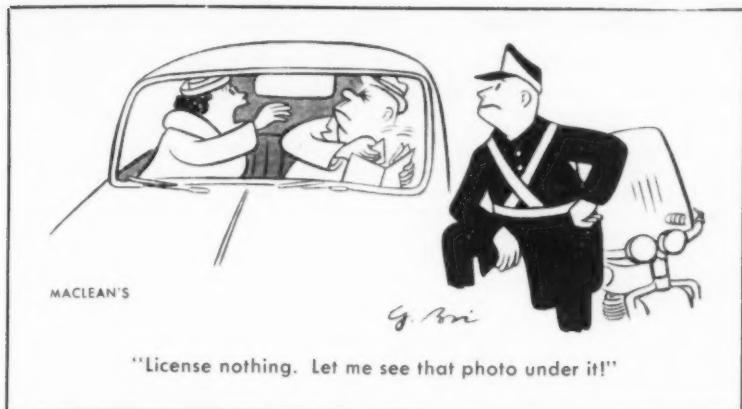
It was the farm near Brome Lake. The total cost was twenty thousand dollars, including improvements that had to be made. Most of this amount was to be borne by the Vandervalks, but Wilder deeded the property to them after they had paid only four thousand.

There was much to be done when the Vandervalks moved into Le Flambeau on Aug. 1, 1948. Both the houses on the property were without water or electricity. The nearby pumps were dry and the fields were overrun by grasshoppers. Dirk started painting, repairing and patching the houses and the barns. Truus knew that after Sept. 16, when the first children were due to arrive, the most urgent need would be food. She picked everything she found growing on the land—raspberries, rhubarb, cabbage, peas, beans—and put them up in cans and jars. By working sixteen hours a day for six weeks she managed to lay away almost one thousand jars. Together they picked bushels of apples, sliced them and dried them on the galvanized roof of their summer kitchen. The barn was full of hay and they sold most of it to buy two Holstein cows, two horses, fifty hens and ten roosters. Thus they were assured of a supply of eggs, milk and butter.

Six weeks after the Vandervalks moved in, Donald, Denis, Maurice and Helen arrived—pitiful waifs, ragged, undernourished and sullen. They were the first of a long procession of children from the city and country slums of Quebec to be directed to Le Flambeau, usually by pastors of Protestant churches, sometimes by welfare workers.

After cleaning and feeding her first four wards for a few days Truus began holding daily school classes in the kitchen, because there was no Protestant school near at hand. While the children were doing their lessons she would jump up and stir a few pots on the stove or give the hand-powered washing machine a few twists. At first the children tried to evade classes. But soon, under Truus' warm and gentle guidance, they began to enjoy them. "Ma tante," they would say, referring to the grammar text, "let's have more of the fun book!"

The first winter was not easy. Dirk, accompanied by fourteen-year-old Donald, had to haul all the supplies by hand sleigh—a return journey of two and a half miles. Water had



MACLEAN'S

"License nothing. Let me see that photo under it!"

to be carried, pail by pail. Further repair work had to be done on the farmhouse to keep out the winter blasts.

With the coming of spring new children joined the family; some stayed for a few months, others for years. There are now twenty-two children at Le Flambeau. The Vandervalks hope they all stay until they make their own way in the world.

As the family grew, so did the problem of caring for them. In a week the Vandervalks consume a sack and a half of potatoes, forty-six gallons of milk, a hundred loaves of bread, twenty-five dozen eggs, and thirty pounds of butter, peanut butter, jams and spreads. Much of the food is produced on the farm. Last year they were able to make fifty gallons of maple syrup from their own trees. Truus made one hundred and fifty pounds of honey by boiling together red and white clover, rose petals, alum and sugar. The rich fruitcake, served at Christmas time and on birthdays, is homemade from wild butternuts, dried apples, prunes, orange peel and gum drops. During one recent week a group of the older boys traveled to a nearby lake and returned with a hundred pounds of fish. This catch was stored in a freezing locker given to them by a storage plant operator, a brother-in-law of the Dionne quintuplets.

Le Flambeau realizes a cash income, particularly in the summer months, by selling whatever eggs, milk and vegetables are not consumed on the farm. When buying food Truus stretches every penny as far as it will go. "I'm a good businessman," she says. "I inherited it from my father." Once a month she travels to Montreal with Dirk and returns with one thousand pounds of food, purchased at rock-bottom wholesale prices from Pesner Brothers, a firm that provisions ships in the Montreal harbor. The bulk of the order is made up of flour, brown sugar, rolled oats, and rice; items like raisins are purchased in sixty-pound lots.

The Vandervalks' devotion to their children has kindled their neighbors' desire to help. The women of the nearby Farm Forum group frequently drop by with homemade cookies, cakes and jams, and their husbands help cut wood, remove rocks and plough and disc the soil, bringing their own equipment. On Mother's Day, Mrs. Howard Blake, an eighty-year-old widow who lives nearby, showed up with a huge pail of strawberry ice cream and an armful of cakes.

Because the story of Le Flambeau has been spread by word of mouth, help often comes from more distant parts. A Chicago model regularly mails in thirty dollars of her fees.

Last August, the Vandervalks took a few days off to attend a wedding at Calvary Church in St. Catharines, Ont. When the members of the

women's auxiliary learned of Le Flambeau they collected dozens of bushels of fruit and helped Truus can them in the church basement. A week later, when Truus was at home mopping the kitchen floor, there was a knock at the door. It was a couple from the St. Catharines church explaining, "We were so interested we came to see your family." While helping dry the dishes after supper the woman broke a cup and saucer. "I'll have to replace them," she said. Four days later the Vandervalks received a cheque for two hundred and twenty dollars which promptly went toward the installation of an electrical pumping system.

Parcels of clothes frequently arrive at the farm, some from remote parts of Canada and the United States. A woman in Granby, Que., helps Truus out with alterations and mending; she has recruited six friends for the purpose.

Medical care for Le Flambeau is supplied by Dr. Arthur C. Hill, of Sherbrooke, sixty miles away. He was first consulted when one of the children sprained a wrist soon after the farm opened. He not only refused payment but volunteered to do all their medical work without charge. A postcard to the doctor brings any required medical supplies by return mail.

The Vandervalks soon realized they needed the help of other adults to provide the children with the love and personal interest they needed. They carefully handpicked another "Uncle" — Bill Learoyd—and three more "Aunties," Mrs. Learoyd, Mae Guindon and Lucienne Desruisseaux. These adults receive ten dollars a month and their room and board. Learoyd, a bespectacled man in his late twenties who teaches the school, says, "I stay here because I feel I'm needed." (While Learoyd, a BA, does not have his teacher's certificate, he is supervised by a qualified teacher from a neighboring town and his school is inspected regularly by the province.)

What lies ahead for the children? The Vandervalks repeat that they would like to adopt all of them. But the parents, who seldom visit them, usually balk at legal adoption. In the meantime the Vandervalks are providing the youngsters with a happy and secure home as well as an education. Those who want to stay on and work the farm will be welcome. "They will be helping others even as they were helped," says Dirk. Later they might marry and go on living in cottages on Le Flambeau's big acreage.

To those who want to go further afield and become nurses, teachers, doctors and lawyers, Truus gives encouragement. "With hard work and faith, there's no limit to what you can achieve," she tells them. "We'll help you all we can." The children are told that they can always return to the farm.

"After all," says Truus, "this is your home." ★

Greet the Gang!



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• For your next get-together, pull a trayful of these steaming rolls out of the hot oven—pop in the "weenies" and ply the mustard. My! they're marvellous—and so easily made with the wonderful new Fleischmann's Fast Rising DRY Yeast!

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Piping Hot WIENER ROLLS

Makes 3 dozen rolls

Scald

1 1/2 cups milk
1/3 cup granulated sugar
3 teaspoons salt
1/2 cup shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile measure into a large bowl

1 cup lukewarm water
2 teaspoons granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of

2 envelopes Fleischmann's
Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well
Stir in lukewarm milk mixture and
3 well-beaten eggs

Stir in

4 cups once-sifted bread flour

and beat until smooth; work in

4 cups (about) once-sifted bread flour

Grease top of dough, cover and set in warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk.



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London Letter

Continued from page 4

are not only a permanent body but usually have the same seats no matter what theatre it is. Then there are the ticket-agency managers who come to decide how much, if any, of a library deal they should make. They will buy seats in bulk according to the warmth of the reception and their own judgment and then sell them to their clients plus a booking fee.

Then there is a small group of people who have a standing order with the box office for every first night. It seems incredible, but it is true. Sir Louis Sterling and his wife, well in their seventies, go to the theatre sometimes four nights a week if there is a glut of new productions. So do Edward Sutro and his wife, he being a descendant of the famous Edwardian dramatist. There are others too, which ought to convince anyone that the British are a tough breed.

There is also a gallery First Nighters' Club which regularly fills that part of the theatre known as the gods. They are keen critics of the drama, being much given to booing or cheering according to their mood. There is a bloodless war between the critics and the gallery because their verdicts are seldom the same.

Finally there are the celebrities invited by the management to give tone to the affair. Famous film stars, celebrated actors who are "resting," peers and the raging beauties of the moment. No wonder there is always a crowd outside to see us arrive and depart. It is part of the London circus.

Sometimes the audience is so spectacular that the play itself has no chance to compete. Certainly I found that in 1942 when I produced my own play, *It Happened in September*, at St. James's Theatre. If I ever write another play I shall invite only the critics and let the ordinary public make up the rest of the audience. An author does not want competition from the stalls.

Looking back on those ten years I can begin to feel a quickening of the pulse at some of the glorious memories that will never fade. There was that period in the war when Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson (who, as Fleet Air Arm pilots, were endangering everybody's lives except the Germans) were asked by the government to revive the glories of the Old Vic which had been destroyed by a bomb. They took the New Theatre in St. Martin's Lane, paid themselves a mere pittance, gathered a group of famous actors and gave us such productions of Shakespeare and Shaw and Chekhov and Euripides as may never again be equalled.

Because of the bombing and the blackout, theatres opened at 6:30 p.m. and people came direct from their offices and workshops. As the war went on they looked increasingly to the drama to express their spirit as a people, for the Englishman is too reserved to reveal his own emotion.

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I remember the night when Olivier's Old Vic Company gave us such an inspiring production of *Henry IV* that, when the curtain fell, both the audience and the actors were in tears. Greatness was in the very air. Shakespeare had come back from the sixteenth century to give voice to England fighting for her life against a darker enemy than Elizabethan England ever knew.

Then there was that incredible evening when they played *Shaw's Arms* and the *Man* on the very night that Bulgaria had offered to cease fighting for the Germans and fight for the Russians instead. Shaw's forty-year-old satire on Bulgaria suddenly became more topical than tomorrow's newspaper. We were in tears again but this time with outrageous laughter.

I remember one first night when a V1 hovered over the theatre, going round and round. The audience rushed to the sides and stood against the walls while the actors, being actors, went on with the play. Then the buzz bomb buzzed off somewhere else, the audience returned to their seats and finally booted the actors for a bad performance of a bad play. I must say it seems pretty tough, looking back on it now.

Nothing will ever kill the theatre. If there had never been such a thing as the printing press, if there had never been books of record, the theatre would be the continuing historian of the customs and speech of a people. The plays of Euripides in ancient Greece more truly portray the character of that nation than the feuds which harass it today.

To the surprise of the managements the British people in the war did not want tawdry things in the theatre. For one thing the 6:30 openings had brought a new public for the living drama. As I have indicated, typists and clerks came direct from their offices. Soldiers on leave who had had enough knockabout in action came to see plays by masters, not by novices.

There was a golden age of acting developing before our eyes. John Gielgud was reaching the height of his powers and Olivier was bringing an audacity, even genius, to production and acting. Michael Redgrave was moving up, Ralph Richardson was vitalizing everything he touched and Alec Guinness was discovering that high intelligence can be displayed even when speaking memorized lines.

Vivien Leigh was growing in stature; Sybil Thorndike, Edith Evans and Lilian Braithwaite were proving that maturity has charms that youth will never know. Tyrone Guthrie, John Fernald and a boy genius named Peter Brook were breaking all rules and founding a new era of production.

Then came the impact of the poets. Christopher Fry wrote *The Lady's Not for Burning*, which was really a ballet of words. I mean precisely that: He made words dance and London hailed him like a conqueror. Other poets followed and the public clamored for the best.

I wish I could put on record that the London theatre is as full of splendor as it was then. The impetus of those years has subsided, the glory has dimmed. We still have great acting when it is given a chance but our authors seem unable to illuminate the shadowed age in which we live.

So, as a critic, I put down my pen. I would like to think that in those years I encouraged the best and castigated the vulgar and the second-rate. If some of the criticisms were harsh I tried never to break an actor's heart. The critic must love his medium, whether it is the theatre, the cinema, art, music or books, and he must fight for the eternal values. I loved and still love the theatre. ★



WIT AND WISDOM



Speech Defect—With politicians it's foot-in-mouth disease they must be on guard against. — *Vancouver Province*.

The Mightier Pen?—Canada is still the land of opportunity where a man can start out digging ditches and wind up behind a desk—if he doesn't mind the financial sacrifice. — *Calgary Albertan*.

The Joker—You can fool some of the people all of the time—and if you aren't careful one of them may be you.—*Kitchener-Waterloo (Ont.) Record*.

Or Even Teaching—Some schools are teaching history without using textbooks. And there are occasional indications they're not even using history.—*Windsor (Ont.) Star*.

Once Upon a Time—There was a woman who looked at the magazine ads and still felt satisfied with her kitchen.—*Halifax Mail Star*.

In the Wolf Pack?—Up to sixteen a lad is a Boy Scout. After that, he's a girl scout.—*Carman (Man.) Dufferin Leader*.

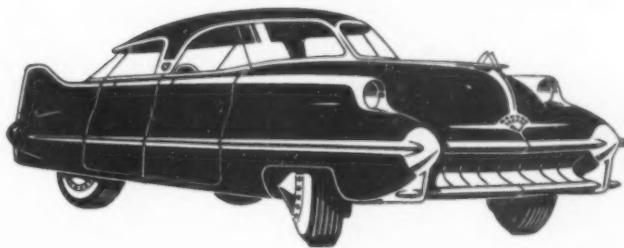
Sad Sack—Postmaster to soldier: I'm sorry but I can't cash this money order unless you have some identification. Have you some friend in camp?

Private: Not me. I'm the bugler.—*Canadian Observer, Sarnia, Ont.*



"You're angry with me, aren't you? I can always tell when you're angry with me."

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TORONTO

MONTREAL

The Chateau on the Rock

Continued from page 15

didn't turn me away." Nor were any restrictions placed on a couple of conventions being held at that time. And when the royal pair had gone the Chateau swarmed once more with the young Lotharios who meet their girls in the Grande Allée, a wide corridor off the main lobby. And back came the local matrons who chat for hours in the Salon Rose without spending a nickel.

Although the Chateau Frontenac nods to the present with its speedy elevators, faultless plumbing, lightning laundry service, efficient garage facilities and tourist entertainment, it cultivates the aura of more leisured days. Each afternoon a quartet in eighteenth-century wigs and silks plays discreet little melodies that harmonize with the tinkle of teacups in the St. Lawrence Room.

The Grand Staircase, built of marble brought from France, was copied from Le Petit Trianon at Versailles, one of Marie Antoinette's homes. The gold-and-blue ballroom is a near-replica of Versailles' illustrious and priceless Hall of Mirrors. The Jacques Cartier room, a drinking, dining and dancing spot, is modeled after the big stern cabin in the Grand Hermine, which sailed to the discovery of the entrance to the St. Lawrence River in 1534.

Mellow tapestries, crystal chandeliers, ceiling beams of fumed oak, handrails of extruded bronze, carved mantels, leaded windows, Greek braziers and Oriental vases have given the Chateau no distinct period motif but a warm conglomeration of styles.

Four show suites, the Colonial, Habitant, Chinese and Dutch, each with two bedrooms and a sitting room, are furnished meticulously in the respective style their names suggest and go to guests who can pay between forty and fifty dollars a day and be trusted not to take any of the antiques as souvenirs.

Royalty is always accommodated on the thirteenth floor which, to assuage the fears of the superstitious, has been named the Crown Floor. The suites here are fitted with elegant and enormous chairs, couches, chimney seats and desks. The beds are ornate and inviting and the color schemes soft and restful. Americans compete for the suites which George VI and Queen Elizabeth used in 1939. If they can't get these they ask for the ones set aside for the present Queen and her Consort last year. To the hotel's lasting regret these were never used because the royal couple were on such a rigid time schedule they never got a chance to go upstairs.

About sixty percent of the hotel's revenue comes from tourists. In summer they take rubberneck rides around the ancient city in high two-wheel horse-drawn calèches. In winter they take sleigh rides through the precipitous streets, skate on the Chateau's rink, ride a bus to Valcartier Lodge and ski under the guidance of the hotel's professional, Fritz Loosli, or sead at sixty miles an hour down a toboggan slide.

The Chateau manages to keep busy the year round with spacious sample rooms for traveling salesmen, conventions whose organizers deliberately choose between-season lulls for space and comfort, and local shindigs ranging from cocktails for twelve to balls for a thousand.

The city's calèche and sleigh drivers, the souvenir stores, adjacent restaurateurs, professional guides, butchers, grocers, fishmongers, taxi drivers, and dozens of other traders are always

anxious to know "How many are in the Chateau today?" Their livelihood depends on it.

Most of the Chateau waiters, bellhops, maids and chefs are Canadiens, but there is a heavy sprinkling of English and Europeans too. Consciously or unconsciously they adopt the mien of old retainers.

They are a tight-lipped observant bunch who know more about the average guest's habits than he would ever realize. Bell-captain Harry Bartlett, who has been working in the main lobby for more than thirty years, is sometimes approached by women who want to check up on their husband's out-of-town activities. But he always keeps his counsel. He is known by his Christian name to scores of wealthy regulars.

It was Harry who went out onto Dufferin Terrace, a broad boardwalk overhanging the Lower Town, in 1939 and informed Lord Beaverbrook that the British government had declared war. Beaverbrook continued to stare at a pipe on the Chateau walls which was giving off a plume of steam. "Harry," said Beaverbrook, "where does all that steam come from?" Harry replied: "From the heating plant, sir."

Said Beaverbrook, "Very wasteful. It should be bottled and used again."

Harry has been up in the elevator with many crowned heads, including the Duke of Windsor who spent the brief ascent idly practicing golf swings and never said a word.

Once, about twelve years ago, Harry felt like punching a certain guest on

the nose. The King and Queen of Siam had just entered Harry's elevator, when this man said audibly: "Huh! What a king!" When Harry closed the gates the King turned to his exquisite little Queen, bowed and said, "And what a queen!"

Harry remembers being curious once to know why Lindbergh always insisted on carrying one of his own bags upstairs. Later he found out it contained a parachute. Lindbergh took the parachute everywhere he went as a precaution against tamperers.

The laundry boss, Alfred Rudd, thinks no more of returning eight one-hundred-dollar bills found in the pocket of a soiled shirt than he does of restoring cuff links, studs, spectacles, pens, wallets and other articles which come down in the wash almost every day. Although he handles sixteen thousand sheets, towels, bath mats, bedspreads, pillow slips and personal garments daily, plus occasional loads dropped off by CPR liners, he will, when necessary, turn out a client's laundry in two hours.

Alfred Thomas, the *maître d'hôtel*, an Englishman from London's Savoy, received a long-distance telephone call a few weeks ago. It was from a woman who said her husband, a salesman, would be spending his birthday in the hotel. Thomas listened to her plan. When the birthday came around the salesman found a cake in his room with the right number of candles burning brightly.

The waiters all speak several languages. Recently, when a Brazilian



SINGING COMMERCIAL

*Comment by
William Shakespeare*

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad
mongers.

Those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air, a thousand leagues from
hence;

KING HENRY IV

Straining harsh discords and unpleasing
sharps,

ROMEO AND JULIET

Splitting the air with noise.

CORIOLANUS

How sour sweet music is

When time is broke and no proportion
kept;

KING RICHARD II

Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Bid them wash their faces

CORIOLANUS

And keep their teeth clean,

ROMEO AND JULIET

Toes unplagued with corns.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Oh brave new world that has such people

in't,

THE TEMPEST

Is there no respect of place, persons or

time

TWELFTH NIGHT

In you?

KING HENRY IV

You tread upon my patience,

ROMEO AND JULIET

A thousand times, goodnight!

ROMEO AND JULIET

—Georgina Lusse

was dining in the coffee shop, where the waitresses speak only French and English, Thomas sent a Portuguese-speaking waiter down from the more expensive dining room to attend him.

Thomas, in England and Canada, has waited on the last four British monarchs and he drilled his staff for four days before the recent banquet for Elizabeth and Philip. He evolved a military manoeuvre which called for many waiters taking two smart paces to the right on reaching a given spot and allowing others behind them to follow through. In this way every guest was served at the same time with a piping hot dish.

At all cocktail parties Thomas makes sure there is one waiter who does nothing but circulate among the guests with a burning candle to light cigarettes.

Thomas delights in providing unusual service. At last year's convention of the Canadian Institute of Stove and Furnace Manufacturers, president Alexander Mackenzie, of Toronto, rose to say that one of the members had just returned from Paris bringing with him a celebrated group of French singers. Mackenzie then winked a signal to Thomas and a group of off-duty Chateau waiters trooped in and gave such a good rendition of a number of French songs that many of the conventioners thought their president had spoken the truth.

The Habitante suite is a favorite of convention presidents. One of its features is a heavy old French bed inscribed with the Quebec motto: *Je Me Souviens*.

Last year a convention president was showing the suite off to a number of party guests. One of the guests wanted to know what the motto meant. The president didn't know so he asked a Canadienne who was present. For a gag she gave the president a bewitching glance and said in slow dulcet tones, "I remember." A chorus of wolf whistles rattled the windows.

Few winter visitors to the Chateau Frontenac can resist a whiz down the toboggan slide. Steve Kandic, a handsome husky Yugoslav who is in charge, has had rare opportunity to observe the reactions of humans when hurtling through icy air at sixty miles an hour with their rumps one inch from the ground.

"The children," he says, "just open their mouths and pop their eyes. The young people open their mouths and close their eyes. And the old people, who have not so many years to lose, roll back their eyes, open their mouths and yell 'Whee-eee-eee!' all the way down."

There has never been a serious accident on the slide. But there might have been. One New Year's Eve a festive group in evening clothes determined to have a go, in spite of the fact that unsupervised sliding is strictly prohibited. The slide was closed and they couldn't find any toboggans. Even so they climbed to the top to watch one stouthearted fellow who announced he would do it standing up. He did. When he reached the point where the incline meets the level plane, at a mile a minute in dancing pumps, he ascended into the air, described a graceful arc, made a slow roll and let out an unearthly howl. Then he landed headfirst in a heap of snow. His friends had to carry him back to the hotel suffering not from physical injuries but from shock. This man, a well-known Quebecer, says today: "It shook me rigid."

The Chateau manager, George J. Jessop, an urbane martinet in his middle forties, has imparted to the assistant managers and room clerks the black-coated stripe-panted punctilio and the shrewdness, cynicism and sto-

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icism of professional dead-pan diplomats.

The Chateau gets its share of visitors who arrive with a suitcase full of magazines and skip without paying their bills. One customer vanished owing the hotel a hundred dollars. The assistant manager got the bill and telephoned all the numbers the man had called from his room. One of the numbers belonged to a garage and it transpired that the man had paid a hundred-dollar deposit on a rented car he was going to pick up that day. The assistant manager was waiting at the garage when the man arrived. He persuaded the garage proprietor to give the Chateau the money deposited on the car, saved the garage possible loss of a rented car, and saved the bill-skipping a criminal charge.

During a spree in the Thirties a famous writer of western novels ran up a bill for four hundred dollars and couldn't pay. The management telephoned his publishers in New York who said he was easily good for that sum if only he would work. Jack Johnson, an assistant manager, bought the writer a rail ticket to New York and gave him time to pay. Unfortunately the writer dropped off at Trois Rivieres, went on another bender, and skipped from the Chateau du Blois in that city without paying his bill. He was picked up by the police, brought to Quebec City and jailed.

Johnson took a typewriter and paper down to the jail and said: "Go on! Get yourself out of a jam! Write a story." The author produced a story in a week. Johnson sent the story to his publishers for him. Back came a cheque for three thousand dollars. Johnson paid off the bills at the two hotels and several other debts the writer had incurred, persuaded the police that he was no crook, got his release from jail and sent him home singing with a handsome balance in his pocket. Johnson later became manager of Toronto's Royal York.

Relax in the Morning Breeze

The highlight of the Chateau Frontenac's history occurred in 1943. On July 31 the federal government informed the management the building would be required for war purposes for a period of three weeks. All guests were to leave by Aug. 6; no staff would remain unless issued with a special RCMP pass.

Eight hundred and forty-nine guests were asked to quit the hotel without explanation and three thousand reservations were canceled. One permanent guest, an elderly invalid woman, was allowed to remain. Anti-aircraft batteries moved in around the hotel.

Quebec City seethed with rumors. Some said the Chateau was being readied to receive wounded soldiers from Sicily. Others said the King and Queen were coming to escape the bombs. A third group swore the Pope was going to transform it into a temporary Vatican.

But in reality the Chateau was to be the scene of the historic Quebec Conference between Churchill, Roosevelt and Mackenzie King. These three leaders lived and conducted their personal conferences in the adjacent Citadel. But the three chiefs of staff with their hundreds of aides and secretaries, were lodged in the Chateau. The entire third floor was converted into offices and each nation had its own switchboard manned by service personnel.

The international staffs worked hard by day. But by night they relaxed like ordinary hotel guests. There was dancing in the Jacques Cartier Room and the Frontenac Room cocktail lounge was open. Joe MacDermott,

Inside Out

There is always one pessimist
In a crowd
For whom every silver lining
Has a cloud.

—Henna Arond Zacks

in charge of the hotel's liquor supplies, made a cocktail from a recipe given him by Lord Ismay, chief of Churchill's personal staff. Called Morning Breeze, it consists of Cointreau, Grand Marnier, orange and lime juice. It's still a favorite in the Frontenac Room.

One night Joe thought he had caught a spy in the Frontenac Room. He saw a big bearded man in a sweater, drill slacks and suede shoes, sitting in a corner with a civilian woman. It was an unusual spectacle in that heavily be-brassed and braided room. But the strange figure turned out to be the late General Orde Wingate, hero of Burma who, through Churchill's influence, had been flown from the jungle to spend a few days in Quebec with his wife.

During the conference the Chateau housed an experiment which ended in shots and almost caused the poker faces of the assistant managers to register emotion.

Lord Louis Mountbatten, Chief of Combined Operations, was giving a demonstration to the Joint Chiefs of Staff of a substance called Pykrete, a special type of ice with which it was hoped to build floating piers for the invasion of Normandy and floating Atlantic "islands" for aircraft. Two blocks of ice, one ordinary, one Pykrete, were wheeled into the room.

Mountbatten invited General H. H. Arnold, chief of the U. S. Air Forces, to split the ordinary ice with an axe. This Arnold accomplished with ease. But when he swung down the axe on the Pykrete he let go the handle with a sharp cry of pain and left no impression on his target. Mountbatten then drew his revolver. He fired at the ordinary ice, which shattered. Then he fired at the Pykrete which was so strong it resisted the bullet. The bullet ricocheted and narrowly missed Air Marshal Lord Portal.

In his latest book, *Closing the Ring*, Churchill recalls: "The waiting officers outside who had been worried enough by the sound of blows and the scream of pain from General Arnold, were horrified at the revolver shots, one of them crying out, 'My God, they've started shooting.'"

It was William C. Van Horne (later Sir William), a president of the CPR, who decided to build the Chateau Frontenac hotel in 1890. The decision was made on a boating trip along the St. Lawrence with Bruce Price, the architect. The first wing was opened three years later. By setting the hotel on the foundations of the old Chateau Louis, official residence of the early French governors, and naming it after the greatest of them all, Van Horne identified the hotel inseparably with Canadian history.

Part of its popularity with American visitors stems from the fact that they invariably get a chance to rub shoulders with visiting notables. All the employees of the hotel are familiar with the story about the American woman who looked along the lobby one day at a huge pile of baggage.

"What's happening?" she asked a bellhop.

"The Empress of Scotland has just come in," he replied.

"Oooh goody!" said the woman. "Be sure to point her out to me." ★

Revolution in Lotusland

Continued from page 21

popularly misconceived to be a lotusland exclusively inhabited by tweedy oldsters, remittance men and pukka sahibs, is undergoing a brisk industrial revolution. The remittance man has largely disappeared, devalued by the pound and a changing set of social standards. In his place is the mechanized worker who, with a couple of his pals, may operate a multimillion-dollar plant in a white shirt with his name stitched on the pocket.

The pioneer economy was built around the sea otter, halibut and coal; these have all but gone. Today, lumber is queen—and so valuable that the bits and pieces the boys used to sweep under the rug are now tidied up and vacuumed into the hoppers of the pulp plants. New power lines march single file across the gullies and ravines, from top to bottom of this island, inspiring a hundred million dollars' worth of new plant construction.

Will the power destroy the glory? Detached observers claim that they can co-exist in amiable schizophrenia—that this island can be all things to all men.

To the logger it is today the site of some of the world's finest timber. It is the home of MacMillan and Bloedel, whose merger last year created one of the mightiest logging empires in the world. It is the home of the only new newsprint mill in Canada for a decade—Elk Falls plant at Duncan Bay.

To the commercial fisherman, the bulk of whose ninety-million-dollar-a-year Pacific Coast catch is taken in waters adjacent to Vancouver Island, it provides dozens of sheltered fjords and safe harbors. To the farmer it provides an eighteen-million-dollar

of a west coast road from Alberni to Long Beach to open up the wildly beautiful tidewater at the end of Barclay Sound, a jagged sword-plunge into the island's innards. They are still talking.

This infuriates the islanders, who feel that their country has been retarded while its wealth has crossed the Gulf to open up the interior of B.C.

If the American visitors who pour into the southern end of the island from Seattle and Anacortes want to cruise the west coast, whose crashing surf and stark rock formations are reminiscent of the Hebrides, they must seek passage in the Princess Maquinna, a venerable Canadian Pacific Steamships vessel which chuffs out each week with capacity loads to such spots as Nootka where, in 1792, Captain George Vancouver with the assistance of a little sword rattling back at the Admiralty, convinced Señor Don Juan Francisco de Bodega y Quadra that Spain should cede its claims to this territory.

Here also the ship will pass Estevan Lighthouse, the only piece of Canadian soil shelled by an enemy in World War II.

Last year more than three hundred and fifty thousand visitors were lured by what George I. Warren, the island's relentless publicist, describes as "a complete compendium of mountains, lakes, rivers and ocean beaches." The portly "G.I." who has probably eaten more tourist-bureau luncheons than any other survivor, is blissfully happy in his locale and in dedicating his life to the elimination of the phrase "From Halifax to Vancouver." Warren points out that Canadians describing the outer reaches of their country should say: "From St. John's to Victoria."

American tourists reaching the island almost invariably head for the ivy-clad Empress Hotel, perhaps the only hostility on the continent so imposing that men remove their hats instinctively when they enter the lobby. On the way they pass near the Parliament Buildings, especially outlined at night for them with three thousand light-bulbs which natives sometimes call "Victoria's heavy industry."

They may goggle (as Victorians always do) when an electric automobile glides noiselessly down Fort Street, a Mary Petty figure holding a firm hand on the crossbar. They may hear about the lonely old woman whose house, after her death, was found to be overflowing with new but unused hats, gloves, imitation flowers and other feminine knickknacks, many stashed in bathtubs with the price tags still on them. They may meet "Torpedo," a woman who likes to send cables of advice to Winston Churchill. One such read: "Winnie! Don't give up India!"

No visitor has yet been lucky enough to get a picture of the town's famed sea serpent, Caddy, although the Victoria Times had a mild flutter on the subject earlier this year. The Times, which named the beast (after Cadboro Bay) and has a standing offer of two hundred dollars cash for a decent picture of it, received a call from a Victorian in a high state of agitation. He had seen the serpent up close and gave a vivid description of it. "But did you get a picture?" demanded managing editor Les Fox.

"No, I didn't have a camera," the native replied. "It was rather bad luck, you know. An American chap standing a few yards away had one slung around his neck."

"Why didn't you get that one?" barked Fox.

"Heavens!" the Victorian exclaimed. "We hadn't been introduced. I mean, really . . ."

Visitors will hear all the old jokes about the town ("Victoria, the home



annual revenue in fruit, vegetables, daffodils and turkeys. For the manufacturer it produces one hundred and twenty-three million dollars a year: the unique downtown harbor of Victoria is guarded to starboard by the Pendray brothers (Bapco Paint) and to port by the Hon. Robert Wellington Mayhew (Sidney Roofing).

Miners extract \$9.3 millions a year in coal, iron ore, gold, copper, silver, lead and zinc. Island retail sales in 1951 were one fifth of the provincial total.

Vancouver Island faces the teeming millions of Asia who need its lumber and fish. In the past five years the island's installed horsepower has trebled, but its known potential is three times greater again. Of the arable land in the southeastern quarter of the island only fifteen percent is yet under cultivation.

Rich as the island is, it's starved for communications. There are today in British Columbia seven thousand miles of new super-highways: of these, fewer than two hundred are on the island. There is no single road on the island from end to end or side to side. For fifty years politicians have been talking

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of the newly-weds and nearly-deads") which the natives shrug off as priceless word-of-mouth publicity. They know better. A recent survey showed that three quarters of its residents are under fifty-four and that they have the highest purchasing power per capita in Canada.

Most motorists, after touring Victoria's neat homes and immaculate gardens, will head out over the Island Highway to the Malahat Drive, whose brick-red peeling arbutus trees and lofty eminences will one day provide a dazzling finish to the trans-Canada route. About an hour north of Victoria they will come upon Duncan where, if they turn left (as ballerina Moira Shearer and her husband Ludovic Kennedy did a few weeks ago), they can try for steelhead in the rushing Cowichan River. Fishing guides come at twelve-fifty a day and the trout are partial to a lure called the Golden Girl. By the roadside they may find plump Indian matriarchs hand-carding and hand-knitting the renowned Cowichan sweaters.

A few minutes farther north, smack on the forty-ninth parallel, is Ladysmith, whose streets are named after British generals who distinguished themselves in the Boer War. Founded on coal, Ladysmith survived a bitter two-year strike in 1912 only to see the veins run out in 1931. For five years it was virtually a ghost town. But in 1936 the Comox Logging Company persuaded the Rockefeller Foundation to dispose of its impressive timber holdings (after a fortuitous gale had bowled over one hundred and fifty million board feet) and a new era of prosperity dawned. Today, thanks to logging and a nearby oyster industry, Ladysmith has money and sea food, plus one of the finest ocean views in the country.

Sixteen miles north lies Nanaimo (pronounced Nan-eye-mo) which calls itself the Hub City: it is nearest to Vancouver and midway between Victoria and Campbell River. Boosters claim it is destined to outstrip Victoria: its fine harbor is currently clearing eight million feet of lumber a month.

Nanaimo's personable forty-two-year-old mayor, Earle C. Westwood, won national attention last fall when he threw away the illuminated address prepared by the city for the Prince and Princess and ad-libbed them a message straight from the heart.

Shelby Saunders, a New Jersey entrepreneur who came to the island twenty-five years ago on a timber deal, liked Nanaimo so well he stayed—and prospered. "Victoria," he says, "provides the social entry to the island; Nanaimo, the commercial."

Saunders is one of the two hundred and forty enthusiastic Nanaimo yachtsmen who established the town as home port for the International Predicted Log Race, a power-boat test which for twenty-five years has established hands-across-the-Straits amity with Seattle's yacht club.

To many travelers Nanaimo may seem the island's break-off point esthetically as well as physically. To the south its air is ambulant and genteel; to the north lustier, more commercial, redolent of the hairy-chested life.

Between Nanaimo and Qualicum Beach are a number of fine estates. At one private property near the main highway tourists sometimes wander in, drop their bags and yell for a bellboy. The area offers river fishing, golf, horseback riding and, on the flats of Parksville, a first-class retriever trial dog show.

Thereafter, the pleasant vistas of the south give way to row on row of tiny tourist cabins, roadside hamburger

stands and the bleak unpainted loggers' shacks of Fanny Bay and Buckley Bay. Tourists can't help noticing, however, the thirty-five-hundred-dollar vans and roadsters which stand outside these homes.

Logger-sportsman Cliff Rushton has a ready explanation: "Cars can move. The boys harvest the crop and move on. So why waste money on a house? What's more, these boys aren't house-proud. They may fool you. Some of those gypsos (small, independent operators) can write cheques for twenty-five thousand dollars and cash 'em!"

Once a month or so loggers and their wives use these temporary quarters for entertainment purposes. A logger-sociologist, who looks on his fellow toilers with vast affection and amusement, says that a remarkable pattern emerges from these spectacular beat-ups.

Act 1: Loggers and women gather in kitchen. Table is loaded with ten dozen beer, such mixers as apricot brandy, sloe gin and Drambuie.

Act 2: Men take off their coats and ties; women huddle in corner, discussing latest pregnancies. Men talk about falling a red cedar on boss.

Act 3: Men punch women in ribs; women respond kittenishly by kicking men in stomach.

Act 4: Wheezy gramophone plays one record — Be My Life's Companion. Couples dance.

Act 5: Women start tearing out each other's hair. Men sit back roaring. Chairs fly through windows. Stove overturns. Driver piles car into fifteen-foot log butt.

Act 6: (A month later.) All's forgiven. Party resumes.

Not many tourists will get down a side road to Hilliers where the Doukhobors go serenely about their business of communal living. And they will sail right past the quiet colony of two hundred Mennonites at Black Creek, whose only landmark is Schulz's general store with the latest shipment of sofas and water tanks heaped on the front stoop.

Unless they're tipped off in advance they may never notice the island's best-known tavern at Bowser, a small white inn where Harry du Pre sells two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of beer on good nights and where they still speak in reverent tones of Mike Bowser, the dog who took the beer tray in a plastic mouthpiece and made change for the customers.

Visitors need a sharp eye for side roads to reach the better tourist resorts. No billboard advertising is permitted on highways. At Yellowpoint Lodge, nine miles south of Nanaimo, they can sit in the sun on a rocky promontory and watch an amazing demonstration of precision diving by sea birds, or marvel at the thick arbutus which grows up through the floor of the main lounge.

At Eaglecrest they can admire a stunning seascape, catch salmon, and perhaps get a peek at the royal suite, where the Prince and Princess tarried at the western end of their tour. At Klitsa Lodge on Sproat Lake ("the Lucerne of British Columbia") they can swim in water that leaves the skin like velvet. At Painter's Lodge, hard by Campbell River, they can catch tyee salmon the size of a small boy.

A few weeks ago Duncan Ross, a BBC television expert on loan to Canada, visited Painter's and saw on the wall a picture of a seventy-two-pound salmon caught a couple of years ago by Mrs. Lionel Patton, of Olympia, Wash., on a homemade rod with a hook the size of a dime. Ross studied the picture solemnly. "I don't care if she is a lady," he remarked. "The woman who caught that fish is a liar."

At Genoa Bay, not far from Victoria,

travelers will be greeted by Hank Irwin, a genial San Franciscan who refused to be intimidated by the large number of admirals, colonels and group captains whose names turned up on mailboxes. Paintbrush in hand Hank strode out to his box and with infinite pride affixed after his own name the serviceable U. S. rank of Pfc (Private first class).

But those visitors who think of Vancouver Island as one vast playground are mistaken. Traveling by road, along familiar byways, they are mercifully spared a look at the heavy

imprint of industry's foot on nature's handiwork.

"Up top," among the cirrus and the nimbus, the island takes on a different perspective: the secrets of man's voracious pillaging of this wonderland are bared, naked and unlovely. Mile upon mile of slash and burnt-over stumpage bear mute testimony to man's devastating march up the island: past Shawnigan Lake, Cowichan, Horne, Great Central, Sproat, Upper Campbell and now on up to Sayward.

At Forbes Landing, a famed fishing resort of Campbell River, gaunt grey

trees poke withered limbs through the waters of Campbell Lake, drowned by the back-up of the nearby John Hart power development.

Frowning down on this Daliesque wasteland is a spine of mountains which the pilots call Little Switzerland. Skimming along at seventy-five hundred feet pilots can see water on both sides of the island.

Down below they will point out Forbidden Plateau, thus named by the early Indians, who would have made excellent public relations men. Today its dozens of lakes and grotesque

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pines are sought out by photographers, skiers, painters and hikers, all of whom aver that the four-thousand-foot climb is well worth the trouble.

Close by is Strathcona Park, an eight - hundred - and - seventy - five-square-mile primeval wilderness deeded to the people of B. C. by a far-seeing government forty years ago.

At the entrance to this park lies Buttle Lake, one of the least-known, most-admired and best-publicized bodies of water in the province. It got that way when the government-owned B. C. Power Commission announced it would dam Buttle to provide power for the burgeoning industries of the northern island. This touched off an epic squabble between those who want to keep the lake inviolate and those who would harness it for industry.

Sportsmen and naturalists, documenting their case in a manner the dickeybird conservationists never knew, argued that the government went into the venture without proper surveys; that there is strong evidence a proper dam cannot be built at Buttle; and that they can get their power, without damaging the park, at nearby Upper Campbell which is already defaced.

Leading the fight for the outdoorsmen is Roderick L. Haig-Brown who has virtually, at the point of his talented pen, stayed the power commission for a year. With verve that curl the paper, and with the support of twenty-three fish-and-game organizations, he has made the debate a lively political issue. Plain citizens who have never been near the lake (since it is now only accessible by private aircraft) find themselves in heated opposition to politicians who have never been near it either but know that power means industry means jobs means votes.

In spite of such protests—or perhaps because of them—there is a growing awareness on the island that wilderness country, once destroyed, cannot be replaced. “The changing attitude of industry is encouraging,” says government forester Harold McWilliams. Much of this may be attributed to enlightened self-interest. Estimates of the life expectancy of present timber stands range from twenty-five to seventy-five years. Now increasing care is being given to reseeding.

In the past thirteen years the Forest Service has planted one hundred thousand acres on the island. Nevertheless, there are two hundred thousand acres of privately owned land adjacent to the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway which need replanting.

Mere mention of the E. & N. elicits anguished yelps from George Bonner, president of the Vancouver Island Ratepayers’ Association, which claims two thousand members. Bonner is a Cobble Hill merchant who conducts a one-man war against the line while handling its freight and express at the local station. When the ambiguity of this situation is pointed out to him, he chuckles: “I’m seventy years old and I don’t give a tinker’s damn for anybody. I’m trying to get this island out of the mire. The railway isn’t hostile to me. They know we’ll all benefit in the long run.”

Bonner contends that the CPR, which bought the E. & N. in 1905, has failed to live up to its pledge to provide on Vancouver Island a passenger service comparable to that of the parent line. While doing a brisk freight traffic poky E. & N. has been superseded in the passenger trade by Vancouver Island Coach Lines (buses) which the CPR also controls. A few months ago the E. & N. threatened to discontinue its passenger service, which wasn’t being used. Bonner’s

outcries could be heard almost as far as the line’s dolorous klaxons.

Behind this beef is the oft-debated contention that the B. C. government, in an 1883 treaty with Ottawa, gave away priceless tracts of land to the original contractors of the railway. Recipients of this bounty were Robert and James Dunsmuir, enterprising Scottish coal barons who had Sir John A. Macdonald on board when the new line puffed into Nanaimo on Aug. 13, 1886.

In return for building the railway the Dunsmuirs and some U. S. associates were given twenty miles of land on either side of the line, plus “all coal, coal oil, ores, stones, clay, marble, slate, mines, minerals and substances whatsoever thereupon, therein and thereunder.” (Later the “royal minerals,” gold and silver, were excepted.)

The Dunsmuirs liked to build castles of Scottish stone, hand-shaped. One of the most handsome stands today as the home of Royal Roads, tri-service training centre of the west coast.

What agitates George Bonner, and a great many other islanders, is that the government received no royalties on subsequent third-party sale of the E. & N. timber lands. No record of timber sales was kept from 1887 to 1897. But between 1898 and 1944 the company sold 763,565 acres of timber for revenues totaling \$14,814,792.69; and another six billion feet is valued at twelve million dollars.

That this gift of three thousand square miles of matchless forest was a generous one may be inferred from the somewhat wry remarks of Chief Justice Gordon McG. Sloan, in his monumental 1945 Forest Resources Report:

A return from the sale of timber land alone of approximately twenty-five million dollars, when compared with the original investment of two and a half millions, would appear to most people a reasonably adequate subsidy for the construction of eighty-two miles of railway.

Consideration of these figures, plus the arrival of big industry by his beloved Campbell River, causes Roderick Haig-Brown to glower darkly into his glass and talk lugubriously about moving with his family to the darkest recesses of the Forbidden Plateau.

It also inspires the island’s unofficial historian, journalist Bruce A. (Pinky) McKelvie, to talk wistfully of secession from the rest of B. C., a cause which he championed with great ardor in the period 1935-38. Pinky’s idea was that Vancouver Island should do away with income tax and succession duties and cash in on its natural beauty as a sort of Bahamas of the Pacific.

“I still think it would be a good idea,” he murmurs, a faraway look in his eyes. “When we had equal representation in the House with the mainland we had a chance. Now, with ten seats out of forty-eight we haven’t got a hope. We ought to get out.”

And what do these gentlemen—Haig-Brown, Bonner and McKelvie—think of the future of the island?

At this question they react as though poked with a peavey. “Good Lord!” they exclaim. “Absolutely limitless—if we wake up in time.”

The only known dissenter from this view is sixty-eight-year-old Giuseppe Roat, a certified hermit (he charges forty-five cents for a look at his Museum of Nature Art near Qualicum Beach), who recently announced that after thirty-three years on the island he was ready to give up and go back to his home in the Italian Tyrol.

This, to his outraged neighbors, was conclusive proof that the Hermit was, indeed, eccentric. ★

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How Dr. Endicott Fronts For the Reds

Continued from page 9

and Communist China) suddenly disappeared and Endicott wondered where and why. Chiang himself explained at a private dinner meeting that these young men had been withdrawn on orders from their party. Endicott believed him.

Later a Chinese friend told him the missing Communists had really been tortured and executed by the Nationalist Government and he showed Endicott the order for their arrest signed by Chiang's own hand. Endicott says that from then on he had no more use for Chiang.

Before and after his change of political allegiance in China, Endicott was on intimate terms with the Canadian Embassy in Chungking. He corresponded with the then ambassador, Major-General Victor Odlum, who was a devoted admirer of Chiang Kai-shek but who faithfully sent Endicott's letters to Ottawa as statements of a differing viewpoint.

In Ottawa they were read with interest. L. B. Pearson, then Under Secretary for External Affairs, is himself a Methodist minister's son and has known the Endicott family all his life. The correspondence between the two men was on a Dear Mike and Dear Jim basis then.

Endicott went back to teaching in Cheng-tu but he was increasingly restive. In December 1945 he took part in a student demonstration against the Chiang government. Mission authorities were much upset. Dr. Gerald Bell, then acting secretary of the Board of Overseas Missions, wrote him a personal letter:

What the radical students told

day is sympathy and understanding, but they also need temperate and balanced leadership and guidance. You will forgive me if I speak frankly, but I cannot regard your speech to the student demonstration as coming within that category . . .

It seems to me that you should face the situation frankly and make a choice between two lines of action. First, retain your present position, but use your talents and abilities in giving constructive leadership to the young people within the accepted framework of the Mission and Church, or else cease that connection and seek to achieve your aims in a wider and less restricted sphere.

Endicott chose the latter course. He resigned from the ministry on May 5, 1946, because "I now feel called to take an active part in the struggle for human betterment in the field of social and political movements, areas that are considered unsuitable for ministers unless they happen to be on the 'right' side."

Another reason for his decision, he said, was "a change in my own experience, understanding and explanation in regard to such matters as creeds, sacraments, especially orders and ordination."

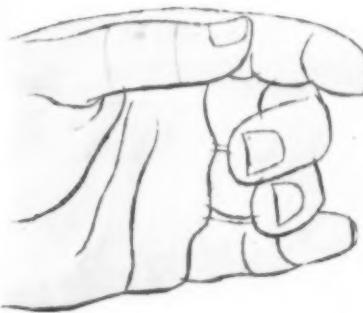
Endicott no longer calls himself "Reverend" but he is still referred to as "Doctor." His only doctorate is the honorary DD he received in recognition of his service as a Christian missionary.

He did not return to Canada at once after leaving the church. Instead he went to Shanghai and taught for a year at St. John's University. There he identified himself more and more openly with the left wing among the students, published a mimeographed anti-Chiang paper called the Shanghai Newsletter, and generally engaged in politics with sufficient vigor that the Chiang government, then still in control of the major Chinese cities, told

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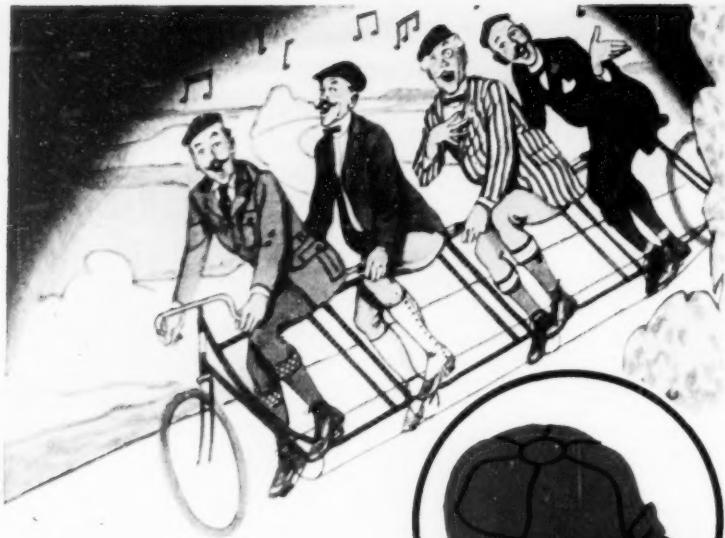
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him to leave the country. He came home to stay in the summer of 1947.

Endicott and his wife had both been mild radicals in Canadian politics. They were supporters of the infant CCF on their first furlough in 1933-34, not long after the party was founded. In 1942, while Endicott was here campaigning for Chiang's war effort, they volunteered as CCF workers in the York South by-election campaign in which Joseph Noseworthy of the CCF defeated the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen.

Meanwhile, however, Mary Endicott (who stayed in Toronto when her husband went back to China in 1944) had gone through the same political reorientation as her husband. She resigned from the York South CCF Club in 1945 because, she said, CCF foreign policy was "too weak." The CCF had refused to take the pro-Russian line which its own extreme left wing favored. She and her husband started in January 1948 a four-page publication called the Canadian Far Eastern Newsletter, which they are still putting out from their home at 134 Glenholme Avenue, Toronto. It echoes the Communist line with complete fidelity.

From the outset there was considerable curiosity about how the Newsletter was financed. Endicott himself received about two thousand dollars from the church pension fund when he resigned; his wife is the daughter of a well-to-do conservative businessman in Chatham, Ont., and she had some revenue-producing property as well as the modest comfortable house in which they live. When Endicott became chairman of the Canadian Peace Congress a year later he received a salary of two thousand. But many observers have been puzzled at the production of a smartly printed monthly from such slender resources. Nominally it has a subscription rate of \$1.25 a year; actually large numbers are sent out not only free but unrequested.

Since he took the Peace Congress job four years ago Endicott has made seven tours of Canada. He has attended conferences in Paris, Mexico City and Stockholm in addition to his tours of Russia and China, and he has visited also a number of Soviet satellite capitals. His expenses are paid by an organization which, according to its own press agent, has no formal dues-paying membership. The Canadian Peace Congress has not published the names of its present national executive but, of the original organizing committee of fifty-eight people, thirty were known members of either the Labor Progressive (Communist) Party or of its foreign-language front groups.

Endicott says, however, that he is

not now and has never been a Communist. In conversation he supports this statement by fairly sharp criticism of past Soviet policies.

The Russian invasion of Finland in 1939, for example, Endicott described as "morally wrong and politically stupid." He said he thought it less outrageous than what he calls American intervention in China, because Finland was obviously and directly involved in the Soviet Union's security problem; nevertheless he thought the attack on Finland indefensible.

He recalled that he had, in Chinese publications before the war, attacked the Soviet Government for its suppression of civil liberties. I asked if he thought the U.S.S.R. had improved in this respect, Endicott thought it might have improved slightly, but "I'm certainly not prepared to defend the Soviet record on civil liberties."

What about the Soviet Government's arrest, in 1945, of the Polish delegates sent from London under safe-conduct to negotiate with the Polish Communists? "I was in China at the time and I know nothing about it. But if the Russians acted as you say they did that was morally wrong and should be denounced."

He also disagreed, then and now, with the Communist attitude toward Hitler and the war between 1939 and the invasion of Russia in 1941. "I had the gravest possible doubts about Chamberlain, so much so that certain missionary friends thought I should be silenced or removed. But I always preferred British imperialism at its worst to Hitlerism, and I would have fought for it against Hitlerism at any time."

Why didn't he express these criticisms in his public speeches?

"Because I have committed myself to a definite and limited position: I believe in the possibility of peace by negotiation. I don't want to say things that might cause the Soviet group to doubt the possibility of getting along without a war with the capitalist powers."

Did he apply the same reasoning to what he said about the United States and its government?

"I must admit I don't apply it to the United States in the same way. I know the U. S. much better than I know the Soviet Union. Also, I am not challenging anything in the internal policy of the U. S.; I am challenging their interference in other people's affairs. The U. S. made the civil war in China; the Russians were not involved."

I didn't bother asking whether the Soviet Union's international Communist Party was an interference in other people's affairs.

As for the Communist Government



MACLEAN'S

in China, Endicott said it was "both ridiculous and vicious" to keep his fellow missionary Dr. Stewart Allen in close confinement. "You must realize, though, that Chinese feelings were running very high when MacArthur made his drive for the Yalu River."

Chinese Government propaganda statements that Roman Catholic nuns deliberately murdered children in their orphanage were "ridiculous and stupid." He thought there had been medical incompetence in these orphanages. "According to their own records they admitted twenty-five thousand children and twenty-three thousand died, mostly of bacillary dysentery. A sure cure for bacillary dysentery is sulfaguanidine. I saw with my own eyes great stacks of thousand-tablet bottles of sulfaguanidine, supplied to the orphanages by American relief agencies, and the seals hadn't even been broken. Apparently the nuns just didn't know what this medicine was for."

But to say they intended to kill the children was absurd. "I told that to the Chinese Minister of Health. She didn't like it much, but I told her exactly what I thought."

Why didn't he say the same thing to his audiences and readers in Canada?

"I considered doing so; I considered putting it in the Newsletter. But if I'm going to say that I'd have to make other statements, tell all the facts about those orphanages, and I don't want to. (In fact Endicott has published some criticisms of the Roman Catholic orphanages, but not of the Chinese Government.)

"There are at present about seven thousand Roman Catholic nuns in China, including two thousand Westerners. So far as I could find out not more than twenty have been arrested and are in jail. I think it would be a mistake to make the case of the twenty so provocative as to prevent the rest of them from carrying on their work and adjusting to the revolution in China."

Listening to these moderate statements it is easy to accept James Endi-

cott as a sincere continuing Christian. It is easy to understand why his saintly father, now eighty-seven but still in full command of judgment and wit, backs his son wholeheartedly and has several times spoken with him on "peace" platforms.

It is less easy to accept Endicott's public addresses, such as that he gave in the Maple Leaf Gardens in May, as genuine and candid outpourings. There no hint of criticism appears, against either Soviet Russia or Communist China. There the ready-made phrases of Communist jargon crop up with

monotonous regularity, as they do in the Newsletter and in various articles he contributes to the Communist press.

Moreover, on his various tours of "peace rallies" Endicott usually speaks also to small gatherings of trusted Communist Party members. In these secret meetings Endicott reveals quite clearly that he knows what he is doing, and for whose advantage.

Some years ago, not long after Endicott became chairman of the Peace Congress, he led a delegation to Ottawa and got an appointment with his old

friend L. B. Pearson, Minister of External Affairs. In front of the other delegates Endicott was abusive in his attack on Canadian foreign policy and the interview became acutely strained. But, as the other delegates filed out, Endicott lingered behind.

"You know, Mike," he said apologetically, "you mustn't pay too much attention to what I say."

Pearson has never thought much of Endicott since. He believes that this remark tells more about Endicott's present character, status and allegiance than all the public speeches. ★

LUNCH-COUNTER NEIGHBOR

Little stranger next to me,
Sitting on a stool,
Bouncing up and down with
glee,
Letting egg yolk drool,
Hands and shirt well smeared
with grease,
Do not think me rude,
When I ask you, please, to cease
Playing with my food.
My utensils I prefer
More or less unhandled—
Coffee I myself can stir—
Toast I like unvanded—
Condiments I can apply
Without your assistance—
I could even eat my pie
With you at a distance—
These, my arms, and this, my
face,
Are not yours to beat on—
Neither is my lap the place
For you to put your feet on.
Little nipper on a tear,
Full of violent vim,
Look! Your father's over there;
Why not bother him?

—Tom Talman

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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

Cournoyer, not unnaturally, took this to mean that if he were beaten he needn't look to Ottawa for a consolatory judgeship. He told the Quebec organization he wouldn't go; Pinard did the same. Later Cournoyer changed his mind and decided to run; but Quebecers who knew the story gloomily decided that, although Ottawa might be on their side, it wasn't prepared to run any risks for them.

They really believe a majority of Quebec voters are fed up with the Duplessis regime, and a Gallup Poll last autumn gave some support to this view. It showed forty-eight percent of the electors as Liberal, forty-three percent Union Nationale and the rest undecided. That indicated the relative strengths of the two parties had been reversed since the 1948 election.

But even Liberals are by no means sure that this change of feeling will show in the election returns July 16. They know all too well that the Duplessis Government is vigilantly vindictive. It is proud to proclaim its determination to reward friends and punish enemies.

Voters have excellent reason, therefore, to be afraid of voting against Duplessis unless they're pretty sure he will be defeated. No provincial patronage will go to a county or a group which defects from the Union Nationale, so long as the Union Nationale retains power.

Quebec civil servants, to take one example, are acutely discontented with their pay. They think it hasn't risen nearly enough to meet the rising cost of living. But the employees hired by the Union Nationale were mainly replacements for dismissed Liberals, and the survivors of the Liberal regime are pretty carefully watched. Neither group would dare lift a finger against Duplessis.

* * *

These are the clouds on the Liberal horizon, and from Ottawa they look impressively dark. There are, however, a few glimpses of a silver lining for them.

One is the secret ballot. People may be intimidated out of campaigning or

speaking out openly; that doesn't necessarily mean they'll be afraid to express their resentment in the privacy of the voting booth.

Another is the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church. The parish clergy have been traditionally conservative (so the Liberals say, at least) and Duplessis has certainly relied on their friendship in the past. This time he may not have it. The church's recent campaign against flagrant disregard of Quebec's liquor and morality laws has had some effect, but Liberals are hopeful that the clergy's indignation has not been appeased.

Also, the Liberals will not be discouraged if they fail to turn Duplessis out. Some of them think it would be better, in the long run, if they did fail this time. Lapalme himself has had no provincial experience, nor have most of the candidates who support him. Provided they can elect a reasonably strong bloc to the legislature, they'll be content to spend another four years rebuilding a provincial machine which, since Adelard Godbout's defeat in 1944, has fallen into sad decay.

* * *

Not long ago the British Broadcasting Corporation put on a quarter-hour show about emigration to Canada. With the co-operation of the immigration department here, a dozen or more recent British immigrants were interviewed in various parts of Canada.

They were encouraged to talk about the things they didn't like here, for the benefit of others who might be thinking of coming. Most of them found little to criticize except the high cost of living, and they admitted that was offset by higher wages. But one Glasgow policeman, now a constable in Edmonton, had an unexpected comment on Canadian manners and morals:

"You're either law-abiding or you're very lucky, at least in the cities. I heard a lot about wide-open spaces before I got to Edmonton. Since I've arrived and been on night patrol duty I've also discovered it's a city of wide-open shop windows filled with valuable goods, and wide-open doors in houses and garages. If you don't mind my saying so, anybody that gets robbed here deserves to be robbed, you're so very careless." ★

LOOK ON THIS DAY

If you've loved the grass, for grasses' sake,

On hill and pasture ground—

Look long, for every blade could shake

With harsh, unhappy sound;

If you've loved poplars' shining leaves,

Slip-sliding in the sun,

Broom branches flowing into sheaves

Where ripples melt and run;

If you've loved fields because of land

Part plowed, part grown to grain,

Rising in ridges, band on band . . .

And clover in the rain—

Look long and long at all these things,

To hold behind your eyes,

They could belong to men with wings,

Who'll seize them from the skies.

—Martha Banning Thomas

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AND INDIGESTION

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MACLEAN'S HIDE-AND-SEEK No. 11

Newsreels, newspapers and magazines have made these famous faces familiar to most Canadians, young and old. Look them straight in the eye and make your choice.

Answers on next page



1 Dwight D. Eisenhower
Vincent Massey
Dean Acheson



2 Gussie Moran
Duchess of Windsor
Joan Crawford



3 Andrei Vishinsky
Brooke Claxton
Pope Pius



4 Winston Churchill
Whittaker Chambers
King Farouk I



5 Francisco Franco
Jawaharlal Nehru
Charles de Gaulle



6 Charles Boyer
Josip Broz Tito
Joseph Stalin



7 Daphne du Maurier
Eva Peron
Gertrude Lawrence



8 Mao Tse-tung
Madame Chiang Kai-shek
Hirohito

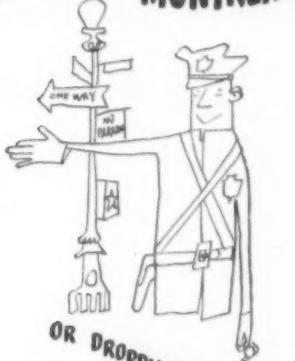


9 Mohammed Mossadegh
Bertrand Russell
Albert Einstein



10 Estes Kefauver
Harry S. Truman
Grandma Moses

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Informed non-Catholics will scorn these unworthy accusations. But in the interest of truth and goodwill among people of all faiths, this miserable skeleton of intolerance should be exposed for the benefit of the many who otherwise may become unwitting victims of false and misleading books, tracts and other anti-Catholic propaganda.

One critic in the United States suggests that the Catholic Church is "undemocratic" because it opposes such things as birth control, divorce and questionable reading matter. By this unreasonable standard, a religious denomination which opposes alcoholic drink could also be called "undemocratic" because it holds principles contrary to the law of the land. Catholics, certainly, make no such criticism.

Catholics are called "undemocratic" because they have their own schools. By the same reasoning, all other denominations with church-sponsored schools and colleges could be likewise condemned, despite the fact that religious schools preceded tax-supported schools in the United States and Canada, and that most of our private colleges and universities were founded by religious bodies.

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When Culture Came in Tents

Continued from page 11

boxes and wardrobe trunks made up the furniture. Each player carried his own make-up in a carefully guarded box, putting it on by the light of a single bulb or, possibly, a lantern.

A constant hazard was the enthusiasm of the front rows, always occupied by school children. Unless watched they would heave peanut shells and orange peel at the villain and in moments of high excitement they would even climb right on stage and join in the play.

The Peace River had never had a stage play until Chautauqua rolled up the circuit. In Pouc Coupé, B.C., when actors Jon Farrell and Eileen Stirling clinched in the final embrace that brought the curtain down on The Patsy, they wondered why the curtain did not fall on their love scene. After a kiss of several minutes' duration the weary actors raised their heads to find two open-mouthed youngsters sitting on the edge of the platform, and on the curtain, while a frantic stagehand pulled ineffectual ropes.

In Gravelbourg, Sask., an even greater calamity hit a play company of the early Thirties. A few hours before curtain time the ingénue of the play developed labor pains and produced a baby, much to the cast's consternation. But the superintendent, P. Winnie Rolls, hushed up the scandal and the baby, and went on the stage in the role. Since Superintendent Rolls was a tall, majestically built woman with a strong face and personality, the Gravelbourg audience witnessed the startling spectacle of the ingénue towering over her juvenile lead.

Junior actors in these companies made twenty-five dollars a week and out of this they paid living, but not traveling expenses. Many of the younger performers were attempting to save money for school fees. One summer Eric Gibbs, now heading a news bureau in Paris, and Larry Davis, saving money for their return to the University of Alberta, set out to live the entire season on canned jam and peanut butter, sleeping in the Chautauqua car or at the roadside.

Although play nights were always sure-fire, the greatest Chautauqua attraction was the lecture. Chautauqua lecturers learned one speech, word perfect, and it carried them for years on the various circuits. Some of the real old-timers developed a second speech just in case they played a town for a second time. Actually this second string was seldom needed for people loved to listen to a favorite speech and speaker time and again. Sometimes groups of citizens would form a party to follow a favorite to the other towns on the circuit.

One of these favored lecturers, Julius Caesar Nayphe, was a Grecian (he could not bear to be called a Greek), a little blond man with a talk on the Near East which he illustrated with tapestries and garments draped on young girls from his audience. Groups of travel-hungry men and women would follow Nayphe from town to town, just to hear the same talk.

Nayphe had a temperament that sometimes drove superintendents to distraction. In one Saskatchewan Fall Festival town I went to the local hall, ready to open the matinee, to find Nayphe, the owner of the hall, and a high-school principal in violent and bitter controversy over the ownership of the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem. The hall owner was a Turk and a Moham-

median; the school principal was a Jew; and Julius a Greek Catholic. Before the curtain could go up I had to untangle the argument and soothe the speaker with sympathy and cajoling.

Another time, distracted by the chatter of the girl musicians with whom he was forced to travel, Nayphe screamed, "Stop the car." He opened the door, knelt on the asphalt pavement, and banged his head furiously on it several times. Then he climbed back in. "Drive on!" he ordered. "Now I feel better."

While traveling in Ontario Nayphe bitterly resented the fact that the other lecturer on his circuit, explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson, was provided with a personal car and chauffeur while Nayphe was forced to share transport with the rest of the day's company. This favoritism broke his heart and he left Chautauqua.

Private Peet, now head of his own New York speakers' bureau, told of his 1914-18 war experiences, and Carveth Wells, a former shipyard worker of Portland, Ore., found a voice and speech that carried him over the American and Canadian circuits for more than two decades.

A moral speaker, whose talk and influence must still be remembered in many Canadian homes, was Dr. Henry Black Burns. Impressive with his shock of snow-white hair and dark horn-rimmed glasses, Burns gave a talk on juvenile delinquency and the high reward for good clean living. After every speech he spent at least half an hour signing autographs for mothers who had been moved to tears by him. Once backstage, the doctor would remove his glasses and tell stories that would make a bargee blush. It was probably his way of letting off steam.

Dorothy In A Gilded Cage

Lethe Coleman, a dignified member of the Mormon Church who had started as a superintendent, found her true vocation as a lecturer. Hers was a travel talk that took the prairie audience to far exotic places like Borneo and Bali. When describing some women of the East smoking cheroots Lethe would draw herself up and say with dignity, "I have never become accustomed to the idea of women smoking." This was always greeted with applause. Another crowd-pleaser was Lethe, an obvious spinster, describing an East Indian tree that when embraced was said to make barren women fertile. "My friends," Lethe would say coyly, "I never tried it!"

There were jugglers on Chautauqua, charcoal artists, impersonators and ventriloquists, but there were no cheap clowns. The tone was always high. For light entertainment there was Dorothy Haines, dressed in a long grey skirt, reciting Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight and singing I'm Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage in a fine, cracked voice.

Lucille Elmore was billed as "the niece of Fred Stone, and fresh from the cast of Stepping Stones." Lucille was a charming little woman less than five feet high. She traveled with a troupe of three musicians, tap-danced, sang, and in a top hat tried to imitate Ted Lewis. In October 1930 I was supervising in the town of Hazlet, Sask., and expecting the Elmore company for

Answers to

MACLEAN'S HIDE-AND-SEEK

(See page 53)

- 1, Eisenhower; 2, Joan Crawford; 3, Pope Pius; 4, Churchill; 5, Nehru; 6, Stalin; 7, Eva Peron; 8, Mao Tse-tung; 9, Einstein; 10, Truman.



the night's show. The first blizzard of the year blew up that day. In spite of it the Hazlet hall was full at curtain time, but there were no players. Keeping the audience employed with community singing and the best local talent I could dig up, I spent a hectic three hours between the hall and the telegraph office trying to locate the Elmos.

The entire troupe had been stranded in a Model A Ford, about four miles east of Webb. For eighteen hours these players, who came from southern Kansas, sat in sub-zero temperatures in the worst blizzard of the year. Finally Kenneth MacKenzie, of Edmonton, manager of the circuit, who happened to be with them, tied a scoop shovel across his face for protection from the storm and set out for help in Webb.

Six hours later MacKenzie returned with half a loaf of bread and ten ounces of whisky, bought in town for five dollars. Rescued at eleven o'clock the next morning, the troupe caught a freight train and reached my town in time for a special matinee, their noses and ears frozen, and Lucille's Russian fitch coat, the envy of the circuit, ruined from hasty drying in front of a blazing fire. Chautauqua talent had to be troupers.

That same blizzard wreaked havoc up and down all the circuits. Dillon Cornwall, an actor, later to become Professor of English at Mount Royal College, Calgary, and now of Vancouver, was attempting to dig his company's car out of a snowdrift when a sudden gust felled him with his own shovel. Buried in an avalanche of snow, Cornwall almost froze to death before his plight was discovered. Troupes on the road unpacked their wardrobe trunks and dressed in curtains, props, and stage clothes to keep warm while they waited for rescue.

Some of the talent was not prepared for the vicissitudes of a Chautauqua circuit. When the musicians Elizabeth (violinist) and Yolande (cellist) Garay arrived to take their place in the billing they went on strike. The Garays were from Budapest. They had just enjoyed a successful concert in the U. S. and when they saw the Chautauqua tents they screamed "We will not play in a circus!" But they did. In fact, very often, sophisticates who sneered at the Chautauqua brand of entertainment paid six times as much to enjoy the same talent elsewhere. Some of the Chautauqua programs were straight corn. Some were extremely good. All in all the audience and the committees got their money's worth, or so we superintendents believed.

The superintendents had to believe they were bringing culture to the masses for the superintendent was the key to the success of the circuit. When

Erickson's Canadian enterprise blossomed into a going concern, this astute businessman had to call on Canadians to help him. Thousands of young men and women joined his organization and graduated from it prepared to face any obstacle. There were eventually six circuits, each one covering a specialized area, and each circuit requiring a manager as well as superintendents to handle each town.

To help him Erickson had his wife, Nola B., a titian-haired, handsome and intelligent woman, his brother-in-law Wade Crites, and a small grey former clergyman named James Evans. Erickson added to his staff, as managers, young promising Canadians usually chosen from the staffs of western universities.

Erickson's stress on culture sent him to look for his superintendents and tent boys among the undergraduates on holiday, and the graduates out of jobs. Where today the ambitious university student looks for a summer job in a resort hotel, yesterday he tried to become a "soup" or a tent boy. Boys like Alberta dental student Harold Turner, Godfrey Holloway of Vancouver, Morley Tuttle, son of the prominent Edmonton divine, and Jack Barber, whose father was mayor of Chilliwack, all learned how to lace together the pie-shaped pieces of the big brown tent, how to attach them to a central bale ring, and raise the monsters on a borrowed telephone pole.

Tent boys arrived in each town one day before the show opened, equipped with blueprints and the tent packed in great canvas bags. The superintendent of the town had by this time cajoled strong-armed residents into helping to raise "our tent." The job was usually done to community singing and assisted by large servings of lemonade.

The Chautauqua season usually began in May or early June. A week ahead Erickson summoned the superintendents to a conference, taking over entire floors of hotels in strategic cities. Here they were given pep talks on morals, culture, deportment, and the business of selling. Erickson, who always spoke of "the program" filled us with the importance of our cultural mission.

Marian Leeson of Didsbury, Alta., now Mrs. John Field of Caracas, was one of those girls who sat in on those courses. So were Kathleen Reed, now married to Dr. Gordon Johnston of Vancouver, Marjorie McEnaney, now of the CBC talks department in Toronto, and Frances Johnson, who married her circuit manager Wilfred Wees and later won a reputation as a writer under the by-line Frances Shelley Wees.

Appearance was important. The superintendent was told that she must

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be attractive without being flamboyant. Her first duty on entering a new town was to go to the hotel, bathe and dress up before meeting the committee men. We all carried evening clothes for our nightly platform appearances, and attractive daytime outfits for committee meetings. More necessary, however, was a flair for diplomacy and selling, and the ability to create an impression that Chautauqua superintendents were nice girls. My own mother, who stopped me from going on the stage, was pleased to let me join Chautauqua. More than one

superintendent got a contract signed because the chairman of the committee thought she reminded him of his own daughter.

At the beginning of a season a superintendent received an itinerary of her towns, with the dates of their opening, literature on the "talent" she would handle, and a cash case (a little black suitcase) that contained rolls of single-admission tickets, forms to be filled out for head office, canvas money bags, and a muffin tin to be used at the tent door as a cash register. She was also given an envelope containing

the information on her first town, the contract, and information about the signers. The report of the last superintendent was there to help her. It always contained what we considered the most important information—whether or not the hotel was a "bowl and pitcher joint," and whether or not Mr. Jones on the committee was a "pawer and a petter." One of my reports read: "You'll love Mr. H.—but don't forget that he's always cranky on Thursdays."

Superintendents started at forty-five dollars a week for the first season, with a two-fifty raise each circuit thereafter.

There were also bonuses. Traveling expenses were paid, but living had to be paid by the "Soup." Since hotelkeepers looked on the annual descent of Chautauqua as a legitimate time to raise the rent, our living costs were always high. An expensive wardrobe ate up the rest of the profits. Because we often made more money than the performers and the rest of the help, superintendents had a rule that everyone paid for their own entertainment. This we called "going Chautauqua."

However, there was little time on a circuit for a private life. From the moment the superintendent entered her town until she boarded the train headed for the next one there was no letup. Twenty days before she entered her town an advance girl visited it with stacks of season tickets, publicity, and a pep talk which she delivered to the committee. By the time the superintendent arrived, the tickets were supposed to have been sold and the publicity distributed. This rarely happened. The doctors, lawyers, clergymen, merchants and farmers who formed the committee had other things to do. They always waited for the superintendent to arrive and when she did there were only three days to go.

At the first committee meeting campaigns were organized for ticket selling; the superintendent was scheduled for talks on the Chautauqua program at Rotary Club luncheons, movie houses, churches, schools, wherever she could get her toe inside. In country districts I used to go to the local telephone office, have the operator put a general ring on all her lines, and broadcast a speech beginning: "Don't forget, everybody, Chautauqua opens in town on Monday night!"

Chautauqua week was a holiday week. On matinee days entire families drove to the tent site, kept for this purpose year after year, equipped with cushions to sit on and a basket full of food to be eaten between shows. And when, on opening night, the mayor stepped onstage to introduce our superintendent—glamorous in tulle and discreet make-up—the audience was friendly and eager to enjoy the week for which everyone had worked.

Audiences did enjoy Chautauqua, and many Canadians received their first artistic impressions from the oil-drum stage. Some were hungry for programs, like the farmer's wife in Viking, Alta., who, listening to the Chautauqua harpist, burst into tears and told me that since leaving Wales forty years before she had never seen a harp.

In the drought years of the early Thirties, radio and the movies cornered the mission of bringing culture to the masses. A few years before there had been such hunger for entertainment that rival companies sprang up in imitation of the original circuits. Erickson beat them out by price-cutting and superior talent and then saw his own enterprise fall to the same weapons.

Chautauqua has been a memory for almost twenty years now. But I am sure that its nostalgic appeal remains, even in a small Hutterite community that once boycotted it because their religion forbade such entertainment. I was superintendent in southern Alberta community one hot July afternoon when the tent boy beckoned me to follow him. There, lying on their stomachs in the long grass, were four dignified bearded men in Hutterite clothing. They were peering under the canvas, eyes bulging, watching their first stage performance. What did it matter if it was the children's matinee, and the play Jack and the Beanstalk? The Hutterites were enthralled. I pussyfooted away, to let them enjoy it—for free. ★

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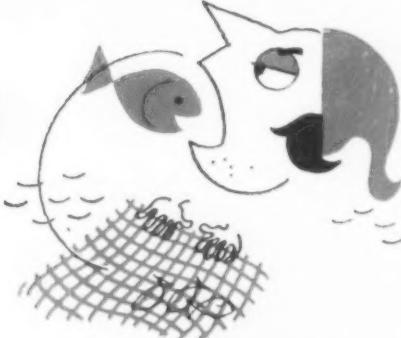
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Occupational Hazards

By PAUL STEINER



Giovanni Casonato, a fisherman of Venice, plans to keep his mouth shut while he is working. When he was emptying his net a small fish leaped into his mouth, got stuck in his throat, and he had to have it removed by an operation.

Near Winchester, Ind., a bull gored the automobile of the county's artificial inseminator.



After waiting a long time for a butcher to emerge from his big refrigerator with some meat she had ordered an Atlanta, Ga., housewife became suspicious. She opened the icebox door and the butcher staggered out, half-frozen. The door had locked.

Near Wolfsville, Md., C. Wesley Swope Jr., out practicing his imitation of squirrel chatter, was shot and wounded by C. Wesley Swope Sr., out squirrel hunting.

A man in Kemmerer, Wyo., skinned a dead horse, hit a nerve and got a kick in the face.

An actor in Bridlington, Eng., who had to imitate a rooster in a performance of *The Yeomen of the Guard* dislocated his jaw.



Victim of a yam-that-went-wham mishap was a Ravenna, Ohio, housewife. A sweet potato exploded in her face as she took it from the oven.

In Hatfield, Mass., Ray Villeneuve, outfielder for a high-school baseball team, was bitten by a horse while chasing a foul fly ball.



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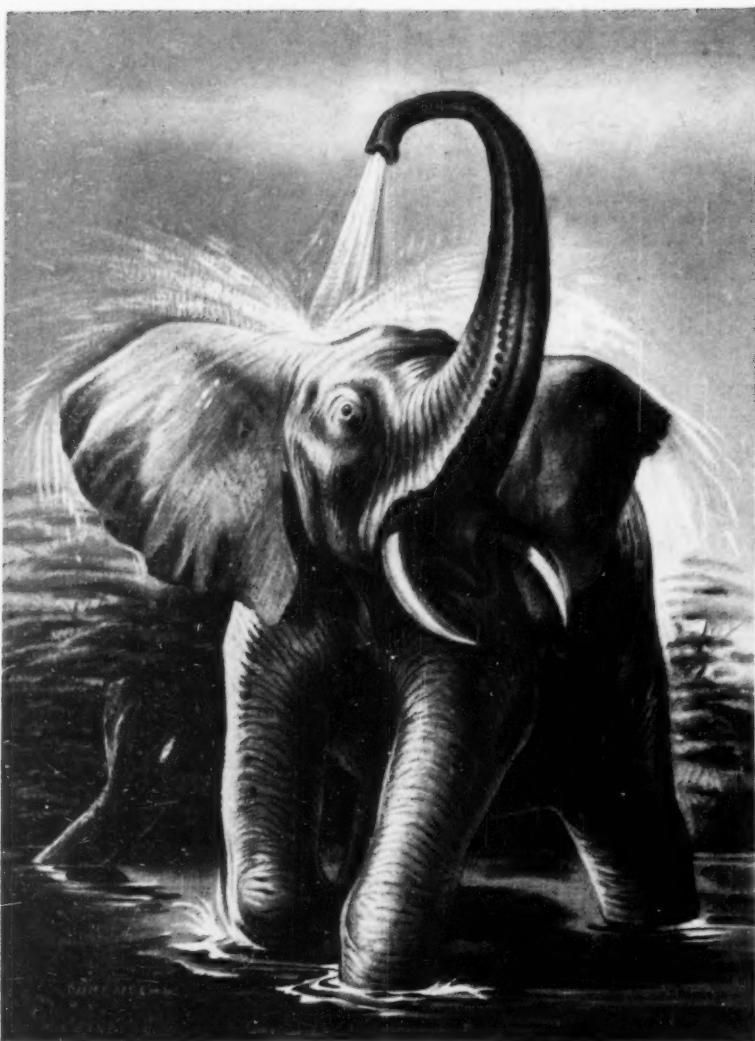

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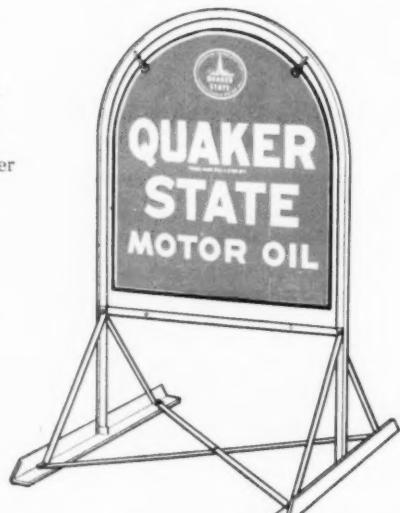


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He Changed the Toronto Sunday

Continued from page 13

scolded Toronto mothers after a child had been killed by a truck: "It's up to every mother of a child under five to watch him or her every minute of the day."

But usually he prefers to talk tough to people his own size or bigger. He demanded that the federal government pay taxes on its Toronto properties; he chided Toronto bankers for "leaving money lying around to tempt bandits" and threatened to seize bank loot recovered by Toronto police. Then, with small-boy delight in cops and robbers, he arose before dawn one chilly winter day to take part in the capture of an escaped bank robber, à la Fiorello LaGuardia.

Lampert tramped on inter-city protocol by publicly lecturing the mayors of Ottawa and Montreal for being cool in their welcomes to Canada's first native-born governor-general, Vincent Massey. He sent Mayor Charlotte Whitton of Ottawa a peace offering of flowers, but she primly backed away from a make-up kiss offered by Lampert when she visited Toronto, and gave him a copy of Ottawa's symbol—a broad-axe. "Trouble with some people," said Lampert darkly, covering the whole governor-general incident, "is they haven't got a sense of humor."

All in all, Toronto citizens—friends and foes of Lampert alike—had few dull civic moments in the first half of 1952.

On the other hand Canadians outside Toronto's orbit—people who live west of Hamilton and east of Oshawa—tend to find Lampert's conversation at best dull, at worst downright revolting, because of his inevitable choice of topic.

"Toronto"—it's the handiest word Lampert knows for starting a sentence

"Toronto is in process of becoming a city of three million population even without the St. Lawrence Seaway. When the seaway permits eighty-five percent of the world's shipping to berth in Toronto harbor . . ." Lampert throws up his hands at the very magnitude of the thought.

"Toronto's potential expansion is literally unlimited . . . consider our good harbor . . . proximity to the richest mines in the world . . . mass markets . . . good roads and railways . . . mildness of our winters . . ."

"But . . ."

"I was just coming to that. Toronto is, of course, Canada's largest city in all significant respects—in bank clearances, auto registrations, telephone installations and long-distance calls, stock-market volume and retail commodity sales."

"Toronto's annual budget of seventy-six millions is greater than the tax collections of any of the provinces except Ontario and Quebec, and greater than that of all four Maritime Provinces combined . . ."

This immoderate Torontophile is a man of medium height who appears short because his torso is unusually broad and stocky. His years are belied by his boyish face and betrayed by a comfortable waistline. "That," he insists, "is all muscle."

The present status of his lifelong love affair with Toronto is particularly gratifying to Lampert because the city finally seems to have reciprocated his feelings without reservation. In the past his fickle birthplace has treated Lampert harshly at the very times he was doing his utmost on her behalf. In 1928 he tried to put Toronto on the aviation map by sinking all his

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please send it to a member of the armed forces serving overseas. If you know no one in the services, enquire locally if some organization is collecting magazines for shipment. In most areas some organization is performing this valuable service.

savings into building Barker Airport and organizing Century Airways, Canada's first commercial airplane business. The venture survived little more than a year.

"Toronto wasn't quite ready for commercial aviation," Lampert says forgivingly today. About that same time, though, with the Lampert fortunes at rock bottom, Toronto was ready to seize his home on Harper Avenue, the rather modest story-and-a-half house in which he still lives, for three years' arrears of taxes. Lampert barely kept the bailiff from the door. In 1936, the first time he ran for city council, he was soundly beaten. After one term in the Ontario legislature as Liberal member for his home riding of St. David he ran a remote-control campaign for re-election in 1943, while serving in the RCAF. He was rejected. In Jan. 1951 Toronto turned down his first bid to become mayor.

Lampert's election as mayor in Dec. 1951 was a triumph over the longest odds. As he puts it, "I had five strikes on me before I came to bat." First, he was a Liberal and not since 1909 had a Liberal been elected mayor of Toronto. What's more, in the most recent provincial election the Liberals had been resoundingly defeated in Toronto ridings.

Never in Toronto's history had a mayor been elected without newspaper support. Lampert had long since lost the Star's support. "They dropped me like a hot potato when I spoke up for cocktail bars," he recalls. "The Telegram and the Globe and Mail spanked me, gave me a chance to reform and put me on their slates as a controller."

But the Sunday sports issue lost him all newspaper backing and, although a 1950 plebiscite favored his pet project by a comfortable majority, he barely squeezed in as last man on the board of control. And Traditional Toronto seemed to be back in the saddle when Lampert was defeated in his first try for the mayoralty.

He promptly dusted off the motto he devised after his first political defeat fifteen years before: "The campaign is never over until I've won." He launched his 1952 campaign on Jan. 2, 1951. He turned down no opportunity to address groups of five, fifty or five hundred persons; he attended luncheons and banquets until creamed chicken and green peas became a nightmare. He issued statements on every conceivable subject to newspapers and radio newsrooms. His two daughters, Jane, twenty, and Suzanne, seventeen, became a campaign team with Jane driving the car and Suzanne ringing doorbells. Mrs. Lampert did a lot of quiet organizing behind the scenes. Lampert, who describes himself as "an average social drinker" and is partial to dry Martinis and good rye, went on the wagon. He reasoned that "if anyone smells liquor on my breath they'll say I'm a drunkard." He turned his lack of newspaper support

to his own advantage with the oft-repeated battle cry: "Let the other candidates have the newspapers—I have the people!"

Came election night. He trailed badly in the early returns. Toronto the Good appeared to have spurned Lampert again. Many people went to bed satisfied that Toronto had been saved from a fate worse than a passed dividend. But later the Lampert vote picked up. By midnight it was almost an avalanche. When Lampert's majority reached ten thousand Mayor Hiram McCallum conceded defeat. The Lampert margin finally totaled more than thirteen thousand votes.

Lampert has made no overtures of reconciliation to the newspapers which banished him from their slates and they still attack any widening of the Sunday breach. But they have developed a respect for Lampert. One editor admits: "We have found that Lampy doesn't really go off half-cocked—he just seems to. When he apparently takes a leap in the dark with both eyes shut he really has his hip pockets filled with documentary evidence to cushion the fall."

He cited the time Lampert asked a hostile meeting of Canadian National Exhibition directors why a Canadian artist had to sign a New York contract to appear in a Canadian show. One of the directors held a whispered consultation with General Manager Elwood Hughes then declared: "It just isn't so."

Lampert promptly pulled from his pocket an actual contract which bore out his contention. "They thought I was just fishing," he said later, "but I knew more about the workings of the exhibition than *any* of them. I'd been over it with a fine-tooth comb from accounting department to stock rooms."

Although his basic feud with the newspapers continues Lampert maintains more cordial relations with the working newspapermen than most previous mayors.

Distinguished visitors to City Hall are presented to the Press as a matter of course. Recently when Lampert was conducting the Governor-General from his office he spied Frank Tumpane, the *Globe and Mail* columnist who shares Lampert's regard for Toronto but expresses it more briefly and pointedly. Lampert introduced the two men. "You read Tumpane's column, of course, Your Excellency," he said with a twinkle.

"As a matter of fact," answered Massey, "I do."

When the Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe paid a visit to City Hall, Lampert took him on a meet-the-Press trip to the municipal newsroom and threw the door open with a flourish. The lone occupant was a copy boy whom Lampert solemnly presented: "Meet Mr. William Elliott of the Star."

With the mayoralty, Lampert inherited efficient secretaries to keep track of his appointments but in addition he has his own unique memorandum system—innumerable small slips of paper which fill his pockets and overflow on his desk, bearing hieroglyphics only he can decipher. Recently the system missed a cog, and Toronto's school children nearly lost a half holiday as a result.

On his first visit Vincent Massey asked Lampert to arrange the holiday for next day and the mayor duly made a note of it—then promptly forgot it. When he remembered at the last minute Lampert went into furious action. He flipped buttons on his desk switchboard, which still baffles him in moments of stress, and shouted into the sound box: "Get me the chief of police . . . the fire department . . . I mean the chairman of the board of education."

"Phew!" he exclaimed when he had relayed the Governor-General's request. "If I had fallen down on that—and those thousands of future voters had found out . . ."

Lampert's detractors, still formidable in number and influence, suggest he won the mayoralty, as he had won previous bids for public office, by a process of attrition, by wearing down the voters much as a drip of water wears down stone. They picture him as a pop-off, a politician just smart enough to know he must remain in public sight and hearing, but too ready

to grab at the nearest issues for the purpose. He has been called the most volatile and the least articulate of Toronto's mayors. His critics saw an admission of this in Lampert's decision to discontinue *The Mayor Reports*, a Sunday-afternoon radio feature for several years.

Lampert's explanation: "In the first place I had been elected partly because I favored Sunday sport. So why should I expect the people to stay at home on Sunday afternoon and listen to me?"

"In the second place, I am realistic enough to know that, although civic

politics interest me, most Toronto citizens can take them or leave them alone for the greater part of the year. They elected me to do a job for them—why should I keep running to them with my troubles every week?"

Recently a radio executive revealed that, in rejecting the free air time most politicians would have grabbed greedily Lampert had been smarter than he knew. "The program had been drawing such a small number of listeners," the radio man said, "that we couldn't sell the air time which followed it."

Continued on page 61



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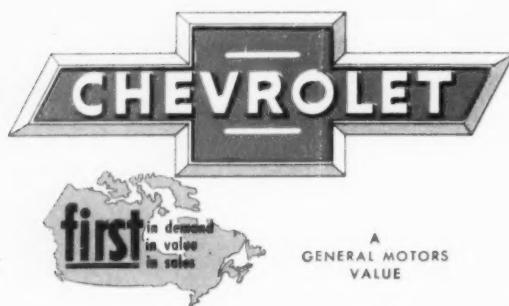


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**Fact
No.4**

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ON THE ROAD WITH THE GREATEST PAYLOAD

Continued from page 59

As a speaker Lampert is in a class by himself. "I never had an elocution lesson in my life," he says, a statement which listeners are willing to accept without question. One of his franker supporters admits, "Lampy can get more tied up in a sentence than a pup on clothesline. His punctuation is based on his lung capacity—when he runs out of breath he not only finishes his sentence, he abandons it."

But City Hall reporters have made an interesting discovery in their efforts to translate Lampert into journalism. "Lampert," says one, "is really an excellent speaker. His trouble is that he thinks a lot faster than he can get the words out. As a result, before he reaches the end of a sentence his thought processes start him off in a new direction and he just lets the old sentence lie there."

Lampert makes free use of metaphors, similes and figures of speech, frequently with picturesque effect. For example, he once said, "If I suddenly started living in an ivory tower I'd be about as useful as a skunk at a garden party."

When opposing reassessment of property in Toronto he called the measure, "a Pandora's box with two heads in it, one grasping at the small home owner and the other chasing business out of the city." This was too much for the Telegram which found Lampert guilty on three counts—"mixing his metaphors, mutilating mythology, and misleading the voters."

He's "Pretty Well Fixed"

Lampert opposed forced amalgamation of Toronto's thirteen suburbs, accused ex-mayor Hiram McCallum of "trying to force a shotgun wedding down the throats of our suburban neighbors."

Lampert falls easily into the role of plain blunt man who is friendly with everyone. But in private life he belongs to the upper middle class which goes to private schools and belongs to the Granite Club and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. Lampert also fulfills that strange Toronto social requirement which holds that anyone living on lower Jarvis Street today is socially suspect, but anyone whose parents did not live in that area is probably a parvenu. Grandfather Lampert's home-stead is situated in the centre of this desirably undesirable neighborhood.

Lampert is the highest-paid mayor in Toronto history, having been voted a fifteen-thousand-dollar salary by the city council three months after taking office (along with corresponding raises for aldermen and controllers, to be sure). He admits to being "pretty well fixed" in his own right. He once owned an airplane; now he has a twin-engined lake cruiser and three cars. He still flies occasionally and is proud of holding Canadian Unlimited Air License No. 143, which entitles him to fly any plane. "In theory anyway," Lampert says. "After taking a look at a TCA airliner's instrument panel it will remain a theory."

The Lamports own their medium-priced home in Toronto's old and respectable Moore Park district, and have lived there since their marriage. He buys quiet higher-priced suits, but occasionally wears flamboyant sports shirts. His petite wife, the former Edythe Thompson, prefers homemaking to trying to keep up with her energetic husband's enforced social whirl.

"I'm not one who says a woman's place is in the home," says Lampert, "but a wife like mine certainly helps a man like me keep his feet on the ground."

Lampert has four businessman bro-

thers who take no interest in politics. His father, William, an eighty-four-year-old lawyer, still goes to his office.

The Lampert family church is Walmer Road Baptist, but he also attends his wife's family church, St. Paul's Anglican. When the Toronto Centre Presbytery of the United Church recently reported Sunday sports had not affected Sunday-school attendance Lampert commented: "I could have told them that—my daughters knew it from teaching Sunday school. And to think that two years ago every clergyman in Toronto preached at least one sermon against me."

Allan Lampert was born in Toronto. This, he maintains, was no help in his climb to the mayoralty since Toronto has shown a decided preference for non-native mayors. He attended Upper Canada College, a sports-conscious prep school where his athletic feats are still a tradition thirty years later.

The account of his winning the school's heavyweight boxing championship, as reported in the College Times of 1923, has a strangely contemporary sound: "Lampert started the fight with a fusillade of tremendous rights and lefts . . ." He was also captain of the senior hockey team, a sprint star and shot-put champion. He played so rugged a game of football that Toronto Argonaut scouts signed him as flying wing right out of prep school. He played football one season before departing for northern Ontario. This year he was drafted as captain of the City Hall inter-city bowling team.

Among his friends Lampert has a reputation as a mechanical genius. One friend recalls being out in the middle of Lake Ontario in the mayor-to-be's cruiser when one of its engines conked out. Lampert promptly turned the wheel over to his passenger and took the motor to pieces. "You'd think he'd have his hands full with that job," the friend comments, "but darned if he didn't poke his head out of the cockpit every couple of minutes to tell me I wasn't steering right. A few weeks ago when Lampert was up to his neck in three or four controversies at the same time I said to myself: 'That's Lampy all right—he wants to fix the engine and steer at the same time.'"

Soon after his return to Toronto from Thessalon, Lampert married and went to work for his father-in-law, the late Alex. M. Thompson, one of Toronto's pioneer automobile dealers. The idea of being the boss' son-in-law did not appeal to him for long and he got a job as car salesman at O'Donnell-Mackie Limited.

In the depths of the depression, Lampert went into business for himself as an insurance agent. He prospered from the start and today owns one of the largest independent insurance agencies in Toronto.

"At least," says Lampert, "my staff tells me I'm still in business. I've been to my office three times, for a total of fifteen minutes, since I was elected mayor."

Lampert's city-council colleagues are still in the stage of cautious appraisal of the new mayor, but they are generally agreed that his higher responsibilities have had some effect on his fiery personality.

One day recently Lampert congratulated the council for a particularly smooth and productive session. "We don't seem to have those interruptions, those fights and wrangles which once made a Donnybrook of so many council meetings," he observed benignly.

"That," replied a veteran alderman drily, "is because we got rid of the chief troublemaker—we elected him mayor."

"And at that," Lampert later admitted with a grin, "I guess he wasn't far wrong."

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Which Scene is in Canada?



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enjoy the light dry sparkle . . . mellow old world smoothness of Labatt's Pilsener. Try it next time you order—you'll enjoy the fresh, clean taste it leaves in your palate. The windmill on the left is Dutch; the other is in Quebec. John Labatt Limited.

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Claymores for Beverley

In Maclean's June 1 is a most absurd article by Beverley Baxter dealing with the question of Queen Elizabeth's official title. All any reasonable Scot wants is that she be crowned as "Elizabeth the Second of England and First of Scotland," in accordance with historical fact. — A. J. Haugen, Red Deer, Alta.

● Is Beverley Baxter really as jealous of a few Scots in London as he appears to be? Why, Mr. Baxter, twenty percent of the present-day population of Scotland is of English descent and you never hear the Scots complaining.

All the Scots ask is that you give Her Majesty her correct designation: Elizabeth the First of the United Kingdom of Great Britain.—D. Macnachtan, Prince George, B.C.

● The Scots will be satisfied only with Elizabeth II of England and I of the British Commonwealth.—Guy M. Jackson, Calgary.

● No man with a drop of Scots blood would have done it. I am glad B. B. could not find that one drop in his blood... Let us all raise a toast to Queen Elizabeth of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Queen Elizabeth of Canada, Queen Elizabeth of the British Commonwealth of Nations.—Mrs. Alex MacKirdy, Chilliwack, B.C.

● Baxter was haiverin' like a fishwife sellin' apples.—W. P. Lyall, Hagen, Sask.

● It would have been better had Mr. Baxter remained in Toronto to do an honest job of selling pianos. He probably knows something about pianos.—Jean M. Watson, Innerkip, Ont.

● As a Scot it was with a mixture of wonder and amusement that I read the effusion of Beverley Baxter. In this, with a certain kind of courage, he has undertaken to advise and criticize the Scot. Even Beverley should know there is no more futile occupation than giving advice to the man from the north of the Tweed and as for attempting to criticize the Scot—well it would just be as sensible for a fly to take a bunt at the Rock of Gibraltar.

In the past some of your readers have asked that Baxter be dropped from Maclean's. I for one don't agree with this. I always find his writings interesting. He can also be entertaining, as in this case when he opens his mouth and puts his foot in it.—James Henderson, Newcastle Bridge, N.B.

● Three cheers for Beverley Baxter. It's about time someone told the people in Scotland a few historical truths. Shame on them for quibbling over what our Queen is to be called, they certainly are not sportsmen, as evidenced by the Stone of Scone episode.—Miss P. C. Thompson, Vancouver.

● We quite agree with Baxter that the "angry men of the north" should be content that the Queen Mother is a

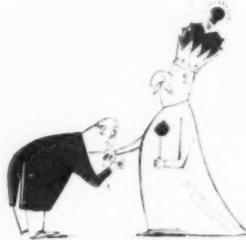
daughter of Scotland and that Scottish blood flows in the veins of the young Queen now on the throne.—Mrs. Mary B. Warren, Chinook, Alta.

● Baxter is not afraid to come out with the truth. This last London Letter is tops. The best yet. He certainly knows what he is talking about.—Amy Hale, Vancouver.

● I am well aware of the human weakness of seldom writing letters of commendation, for it is the letters of complaint that receive quick action. My letter is one of commendation. I am referring to Beverley Baxter's London Letter.—Dr. J. A. Folkins, Vancouver.

Sure It's Canada

The Hotel with the Elegant Air (April 15) seems to be the place of snobs and bores—especially Sir Frederick with his falling cape and his stooge Chris. Author Ken Johnstone seems



entirely overcome by his own proximity to the social register. I must remember to keep away from Murray Bay; surely that is not Canada.—G. V. Eckenfader, Dorval, Que.

● You stated that only professional waitresses are hired. Such was not always the case because I was one of many college students waitressing there back in the season of 1942.

I also had the pleasant, though sometimes dubious, privilege of serving Sir Frederick and Lady Williams-Taylor. On one occasion Sir Frederick, who was on a restricted diet, asked me what he could have on the day's menu. When I told him "chicken giblet soup" he remarked in his usual loud voice: "Giblet soup! What are giblets, anyway? Have you got giblets?"—Mrs. J. P. Dunn, Copper Cliff, Ont.

● Johnstone refers to "Lady Jane Williams-Taylor," and "Lady Jane." Unless the lady in question was the daughter of a peer, such forms are incorrect. I suggest that the name should have been written "Lady Williams-Taylor."—G. R. L. Potter, Ottawa.

Thumb in His Eye

In the story about Brooke Claxton (The Cabinet Minister Who Never Sleeps, June 1) there is a photograph of him and Sergeant M. W. Norman firing a Bren. Notice the wrong hold (thumb) of Claxton's left hand.—Harold T. Heureaux, New Westminster, B.C.

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The contest, open to Canadian writers, closes Tuesday, Sept. 2, 1952, at 5 p.m. EST. A copy of the rules and an official entry form, which must accompany each short story submitted, may be had by writing to:

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE,

481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE,
TORONTO, ONT.

The Ordeal of Seretse

I saw in Maclean's May 15 an account of the marriage of Seretse, who is a grandson of an African chief whose name was Khama. In my young days I met Khama at my father's home in Cornwall, Eng. My brother, the Rev. W. C. Willoughby, was a missionary in British Bechuanaland. In '97 or '98 Khama and two other chiefs came to England to interview Queen Victoria to have intoxicating liquor kept out of their country. My brother, when the business was over, came to Cornwall, bringing Khama with him.

His stay was short, but one thing stays in my memory—all that day Khama took salt even with sweet food, salt with everything he ate. On the day they were returning to London the Town Council, in all their regalia,



Khamá (seated, right) in Cornwall.

gathered to present the freedom of the city to them. Not waiting for that I kissed my brother good-by. As I walked down the platform I was conscious of someone hurrying to overtake me. Turning, I discovered it was Khamá, with his right hand extended. He shook his head at the idea of my forgetting to shake his hand too.

Regarding Seretse and his marriage, I would rather not give an opinion. But his being educated in London, where lots of people are not white skinned, I can see his idea of equality; in the future life I do not think there will be white and black skins. The spirit will prevail over flesh.—Mrs. Sarah Ann Teague, Forestburg, Alta.

• I have just read your much pictorialized, highly emotional article on Seretse Khamá by McKenzie Porter . . . Seretse, like Edward, made the choice of "the woman I love." That's perfectly okay by me. He was also given a pension and offered a good job. How many other men get a pension upon marriage? Why doesn't he show some consideration for the protection his people have received and some gratitude for the opportunities he has received in the way of education and freedom to go his own way in peace without bedeviling those in authority who have exceedingly grave responsibilities?—George Porteous, Saskatoon.

• The Ordeal of Seretse and his White Queen Ruth: "Holding hands they slipped into the darkened movie at Palapye." Later at Serowe "they watched a game at the recreation club from a distance." Both places in his own land!

One can marvel at the humility of the black people in forbearing with the white usurpers. What a travesty on spiritual and moral justice! I was born and raised in South Africa and I had to get away from the forest to see the trees.—Mrs. Gladys M. Clark, Tacoma, Wash.

The Winnipeg Strike

A free line of congratulations on your write-up on the Winnipeg strike (June 1). I think it is a grand thing at this time when there are so many strikes and elections to inform labor that strike is not the solution.—John Anderson, Qualicum Beach, B.C.

• I was glad to see in your June 1 issue the name of Earle Beattie who is as fine a writer as they come. More please!—Evelyn C. Zink, Vancouver.

• Beattie's closing paragraph calls the One Big Union a "doomed ideal" and Mr. R. B. Russell a "ghost" walking within. From the stenographer's viewpoint at OBU Headquarters, Mr. Russell is no ghost. In the first ten minutes after 9 a.m. he can give enough dictation for the whole day.

The paragraph goes on to speak about the second-floor office where the "ghostlike visage of Karl Marx stares out of a faded picture frame on one wall to a group of cherry-coated English squires on the other." The picture to which Mr. Beattie refers is likely a faded one of Keir Hardie, which faces an oil painting by A. Segoni. Karl Marx's picture is beautifully clear. In fact you can nearly count every last hair in his magnificent beard.—M. Jordan, A. Case, Winnipeg.

• In the second column on page 45 Beattie makes this false and defamatory statement: "Dixon is dead; he was re-elected to the Manitoba legislature after his prison term and retired in 1923." In the first column on page 45 he says: "In a third trial in January and February Dixon came before Mr. Justice Galt on a charge of seditious libel. A jury spent forty hours behind locked doors then freed him." You owe an apology to the memory of a great and good man.—Roy St. George Stubbs, Winnipeg.

Hard Rock Is Not so Hard

How does Robert Thomas Allen expect us to encourage the youth of today to take up mining? They are told (in Hard Rock Miner, April 15) they must, "Be at work before dawn,



go to work in a bucket, eat in a cave, and go home in the dark."

Miners go to work at eight, finish at four, and enjoy much more sunshine than the average office worker. Only shaft sinkers go to work in a bucket, all others ride in a cage, enclosed by steel doors. The "cave" the miners lunch in is usually a dry, well ventilated room.—J. M. Connell, Geraldton.

• Perhaps you would be kind enough to set your readers straight on the matter of safety fuses? According to Mr. Allen, "Each fuse is cut two feet longer than the last to blow eighty seconds later. A red string inside the wick controls the speed of the burning at forty seconds per foot."

In the first place, according to recommended practice, the difference in trim should have been something like three inches, instead of two feet. Second, the red string which is found in safety fuses has nothing to do with the speed of burning. It is a manufacturer's identification mark and nothing more.—J. B. Chalmers, Canadian Safety Fuse Company Ltd., Brownsburg, Que.

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IN A public school in Welland County, Ont., a music superintendent asked a student to write a note on the musical staff he had drawn on the blackboard. She hesitated, then bravely began writing between the lines of the staff: "Dear Friend: I hope you are well . . ."

Commenting on Newfoundland speech, a Torontonian visiting St. John's concluded with a superior smile, "Don't you think it's rather silly to say the fishing's 'wonderful' bad!"

A Newfoundlander agreed, then added thoughtfully: "But over on the mainland don't you say a thing's 'awfully good'?"

A taxpayer in eastern Canada wrote recently to ask the National



Research Council in Ottawa to locate her husband, who went out twelve years ago to get a package of cigarettes and hasn't been back since.

An Edmonton citizen who found the sidewalk blocked by four illegally parked cars climbed up the side of the first car, across the top and jumped down the other side. The cars belonged to a garage proprietor who called the police. A constable settled the dispute by (a) forbidding the garagemen to park there; (b) warning the pedestrian not to walk on the tops of cars.

Two housewives in a Nova Scotia town became friends when they discovered a mutual interest in the contests sponsored by soap companies. Both spent their spare time inventing slogans and saving labels. Their friendship dissolved abruptly when one woman offered to pick up the other's groceries. When the stay-at-home opened her parcel she discovered all the box tops gone.

On a bus from Barrie to Midland, Ont., a woman noticed the man beside her struggling with the window. He finally got it open, then hastily pulled the glove from his left hand and flung it out on the roadside. "Dropped my right glove when I closed the window," he explained. "Whoever finds it might as well have the pair."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

In Tillsonburg, Ont., two small boys, kindling a fire to burn leaves, let a piece of paper blow into a neighbor's garden. The neighbor's wife picked up the sheet of paper, read it and began to laugh uproariously. Curiosity brought the boys over to fetch it. "Here you are," said the woman, "take it away and don't let any more papers blow into my garden." The paper was blank.

The boss of a mining exploration party above the north shore of the St. Lawrence found the nearest telegraph office in a private home where an old woman sat crocheting. "Can you send a wire for me?" he asked doubtfully.

"Of course," she snapped. "I've been operator here for thirty years."

Next day when the boss returned for an expected answer the old woman bluffed a bit, then admitted that it was the first time in thirty years she'd been asked to send a telegram—and she'd forgotten how.

A man in Hamilton was entertaining a friend who had once lived in Singapore. In a Chinese restaurant the guest ordered five kinds of Oriental food but after each request the Chinese waiter shook his head, "Sorry, never heard of it."



The visitor finally exploded. "Well, what do you serve here?"

"Only Canadian Chinese food."

In a courtroom in Selkirk, Man., a man and his girl friend appeared on an illegal drinking charge, pleaded guilty and were fined twenty dollars each or ten days in jail. The man paid both fines. The next offenders were a man and his wife arrested on the same charge; they got the same verdict. The husband produced twenty dollars.

"What about your wife?" asked the judge.

Regretfully the husband said, "I guess you'll just have to lock her up."



The Seagram Gold Cup

Again this year, The Royal Canadian Golf Association will present the Seagram Gold Cup to the winner of the Canadian Open Golf Championship.

This famous trophy, which bears the names of some of the world's greatest golfers—Little, Snead, Nelson, Wood, Locke, Harrison and Ferrier—will be competed for on July 16, 17, 18, 19 at the colourful St. Charles Country Club in Winnipeg . . . the first time the Open has ever been played in Canada's mid-west.

To all spectators and competitors, The House of Seagram extends a hearty welcome and best wishes.

The House of Seagram



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